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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Strange Interlude

O'NEILL'S "Strange Interlude," certainly one of the most interesting plays that New York has seen this winter, is not so strange as it seems. As drama it may be innovation, but as literature it is just one more mile-post in the race between the novel and the drama toward complete expressiveness, a race that in English has been under way at least since the days of Lyly and Marlowe.

For the last two centuries the novel has led. It was the first to loosen the bonds of technique until nothing human was alien to its powers of exposition and narrative, it was the first to become introspective, and then psychological in the modern sense, and to adapt its loose-flowing structure to new problems of human relationship more interesting than any plot.

It is many years now since the novel plunged into the secret thoughts of its characters, giving them as much space as the spoken word. At first the subjects were subtle and complex persons, with a thought life so rich as to pay large dividends of interest. Such were the characters of Henry James.

Later, the novel turned with democracy toward less heroic man, and discovered, with Joyce and his contemporaries, the piquancy of a more commonplace revelation. A scrutiny of the mind pattern behind the most ordinary actions uncovered a surprising horde of desires, contrarieties, instincts, animalisms, aspirations, rushing hither and thither through the brain like leaves in a wind. The novel became double voiced and told two stories at once, one inner, one outer, both necessary for the complete explanation.

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"Strange Interlude" is merely the first truly successful attempt of drama to use the double voice. It is interesting to see how rapidly the audience accepts the convention of two tones for each actor, one for his actual speech, the other for those "asides," now become full mental accompaniments, which tell what he feels and thinks. What the novelist has long done, the dramatist now readily takes over, but although this oral thinking is more vivid than the printed page, the playwright can still get at the subconscious only by indirection, if at all. There the novelist, with his permission to explain and describe at length, is still a lap ahead.

There is nothing really new for literature, then, in the technique of "Strange Interlude." But there is new power. The power of drama is the sum of all the conflicting wills or emotions which the playwright can put on his stage. To make hidden thoughts visible, to voice the qualification at the same moment as the statement, to present the lover, outside and inside, all in the same speech, is like doubling the power of a battery. The play becomes more articulate, for now it is all told.

If the audience comes away from "Strange Interlude" gorged with drama, this is the reason. They have taken down a play with all its text and all its notes in one giant swallow. No one can tell them any more about anyone in the cast than by speech, and voiced thought and reflection, has already been given them. One begins to long after a while for the highly charged line that in the great dramatists said so much and yet left so much to the imagination. The drama has lost its sinewy leanness which in the past has made the best judges prefer it to fiction.

It has lost, too, its sense of rigorous form, imposed by restrictions, some of which are now thrown overboard. The great novelists have seldom been willing to reduce their stories to classic proportions; they would not forego the opportunities for by-play and sequel. Thackeray injects moral essays, Tolstoy philosophizes, Fielding writes criticism, Meredith tosses words about, Hardy does landscapes, Flaubert inventories Normandy, Dickens stops at every way station. They supply a context to the story which undoubtedly enriches reading and gives an illusion of full life and the satisfaction of learning as one

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Hollyhocks!

By LEW SARETT

I HAVE a garden, but, oh, dear me!
What a ribald and hysterical company:
Incorrigible mustard, militant corn,
Frivolous lettuce, and celery forlorn;
Beets apoplectic and fatuous potatoes,
Voluptuous pumpkins and palpitant tomatoes;
Philandering pickles trysting at the gate,
Onions acrimonious, and peppers irate;
And a regiment of hollyhocks marching around them,
To curb their mischief, to discipline and bound them.

Hollyhocks! Hollyhocks! What should I do
Without the morale of a troop like you!

Some lackadaisically yawn and nod;
Others, hypochondriac, droop on the sod:
Cabbage apathetic, parsnips sullen,
And peas downtrodden by the lancing mullein;
Boorish rutabagas, dill exotic,
The wan wax-bean, bilious and neurotic;
Dropsical melons, varicose chard,
And cauliflowers fainting all over the yard.
Thank heaven for the hollyhocks! Till day is done,
They prod them to labor in the rain and the sun.

Hollyhocks! Hollyhocks! Stiff as starch!
Oh, fix your bayonets! Forward! March!

This Week

"What About Advertising?"
Reviewed by *Earnest Elmo Calkins.*
"A Man of Learning."
Reviewed by *Henry Noble MacCracken.*
"The Making of a State."
Reviewed by *Hamilton Fish Armstrong.*
"Bad Girl."
Reviewed by *Grace Frank.*
"Story of Architecture in America."
Reviewed by *Aymar Embury II.*
"Conquistador."
Reviewed by *Bernard De Voto.*
"Lotus and Chrysanthemum."
Reviewed by *Arthur Davison Ficke.*

Next Week, or Later

"What Then Is Art?"
By *Charles A. Bennett.*

Upton Sinclair

By WALTER LIPPMAN

MR FLOYD DELL attempts at the outset of a recent book* to explain to "bewildered American readers" why Upton Sinclair is "regarded throughout the world as his country's most distinguished literary figure," and to explain to readers abroad why at home he is not accorded "the rank to which it would seem he is entitled by his achievements." I am compelled to take Mr. Dell's word for it that Upton Sinclair is in fact so immensely esteemed. It just happens that my acquaintances abroad have had a somewhat more modest estimate of his greatness. But that, of course, means very little. Mr. Dell knows better than I do what the world thinks, and he is incurably certain that Upton Sinclair is another prophet who is insufficiently honored in his own country.

Mr. Dell's certainty would nevertheless be more persuasive to me if he had not attempted to give his reasons. For his reasons are so paradoxical that they sound fantastic. The world, he says, has found in Upton Sinclair "a realistic description and intellectual interpretation" of modern industrial America, but the inhabitants of this modern industrial America have not "as yet" outgrown their idealistic conceptions sufficiently to accept Mr. Sinclair's realism. This is a large assumption, for it amounts to saying that foreigners are better judges than Americans of what constitutes a truthful account of American civilization. Mr. Dell does not seem to think that this assumption is even arguable. He is certain that Europeans must be right and that Americans must be wrong.

I think it is an arguable point. Surely it is conceivable that Upton Sinclair's formula for interpreting America suits many Europeans because it is a European formula, and that his descriptions seem to them veracious because they confirm the prejudice of Europeans. Mr. Sinclair has described America as given over to Mammon, and has interpreted its future according to the prophecies of Karl Marx. I, for one, am not impressed when I hear that this seems realistic and intellectual to European socialists. That is exactly what one would have expected European socialists to think. They are only human and they agree with that which they wish to believe. Nor am I humbled because Americans do not agree with what Marxists in Europe think is a true interpretation of America. It is possible that Americans know more about themselves than European Marxists know about them.

* * *

I admit that if Upton Sinclair were a poet, or a philosopher, or a painter, or a novelist dealing with human character, I should be disturbed at hearing that he is more honored abroad than at home. Europeans might be better qualified to judge than we are. But they are not better qualified to judge the veracity of an interpreter of American life. That depends upon knowledge and experience which they rarely have.

Mr. Dell's uncritical certainty that Upton Sinclair is a "great realistic novelist" leads, I think, to the ruin of what started out to be a searching study of an extraordinarily interesting human being. For up to that crucial period in the story when his hero is converted to socialism, and sets out to grapple with American civilization, Mr. Dell is master of his subject. He employs the psycho-analytic apparatus shrewdly, and in my opinion convincingly, to describe the young man who without Shelley's genius

* UPTON SINCLAIR, A STUDY IN SOCIAL PROTEST. By Floyd Dell. New York: George H. Doran. 1928. $2.

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would be Shelley nevertheless. He appraises his youthful insistence upon being poor and outcast, his self-inflicted torments, his huge and abounding self-pity. But when he comes to deal with the Upton Sinclair who evolved out of all this, Mr. Dell's critical powers desert him. He suddenly asks us to believe that the young man who at twenty-one had "his imagination . . . securely barricaded against life" was transformed at twenty-five into a great realist. I am unable to believe it. I am not denying that a great change took place in Upton Sinclair. He became a socialist and he began to write powerful indictments of industrial America. What I quarrel with is Mr. Dell's theory that this change meant that Upton Sinclair had been transformed from a person with a morbid distaste for actuality into the greatest American reporter of actuality.

Mr. Dell not only believes that this was the kind of change which took place, but that he can explain it psycho-analytically. But psycho-analysis is a game at which any number of amateurs can play, and so I herewith state that I am prepared to show, using only Mr. Dell's own data, why, speaking psycho-analytically, Upton Sinclair never did become the realist Mr. Dell thinks he is. In this game it is necessary to be brutally frank about intimate matters. My only apology is that Mr. Sinclair himself has been far more extensively frank about his intimacies than I shall be, having written an immense novel on the subject, and also that his biographer, Mr. Dell, devotes two chapters to the subject.

* * *

Mr. Dell's theory is that this pseudo-Shelley became a great realist as a result of his marriage. Assuming that "Love's Pilgrimage" is an autobiographical novel, Mr. Dell concludes that Thyrsis, the young poet of the story, was afraid of life because he was afraid of women. He describes the temptations of Thyrsis and his self-mortification, his victorious resistance, his marriage to Corydon, his desire to be married and chaste, and the hell which this ideal raised for both Thyrsis and Corydon.

Parenthetically, I should like to say that in a footnote Mr. Dell prints an extract from a recent letter of Mr. Sinclair's in which it is stated that "no human male could have been more pitifully ignorant of the female critter, body, mind, and soul, than I was at the age of 21. It was a tragedy, but I was not to blame. It was the Victorian age." Still parenthetically, I should like to add that Mr. Sinclair's present determination to blame the Victorian Age, that age of large and robust families, for Thyrsis's ideals of wedded bliss, strikes me not only as the climax of all that is humorless, but as a dreadfully convincing symptom that he has never grown up.

Nevertheless, Mr. Dell thinks that he did grow up into a great realist, and he ascribes the transformation to the fact that the flesh was too strong for Thyrsis, and that he shortly became the father of a son. It was in this surrender to the realities of marriage that "his imaginative resistance to reality" broke down, and within a very brief time he had become a great master of reality. I should be less skeptical of Mr. Dell's psycho-analytic competence if it were more certain that Upton Sinclair did in fact become a great realist. But of course, the fact that Thyrsis consented to embrace Corydon is not evidence that Upton Sinclair writes realistically about industrial America. Mr. Dell thinks that when Thyrsis succumbed, he was prepared to understand life. But I have another theory which, I submit, is just as plausible, and is to me preferable, because it explains why Upton Sinclair, though a father and a husband, continued not to understand life.

If you look at the record set down by Mr. Dell you find that when Thyrsis ceased to rebel against woman the tempter he immediately went into violent rebellion against Mammon the tempter. He shifted from one object of rebellion to another, and I should have supposed that an experienced novelist like Mr. Dell would have paused over this coincidence and speculated. He might then have asked himself whether the conversion to socialism was, in fact, a radical transformation of his hero's character, or whether it was a translation of his character on to a new plane. Mr. Dell never seems to have asked himself that question. He regards Upton Sinclair's youthful ascetism as "morbid." But his hero's wholesale disgust with all the institutions of mankind, he regards as the wholesome disposition of a great realist. Perhaps Mr. Dell is right. But I distrust his diagnosis. I don't see why he should feel that disgust with sex is morbid, but that disgust with almost everything else is fine, unless it is that Mr. Dell dislikes the ascetism of Mr. Sinclair because he is not himself ascetic, but that he likes his socialism because he is himself a socialist.

It seems to me fairly evident that Mr. Dell was on a good scent when he selected the sexual experiences described in "Love's Pilgrimage," as the critical period in his hero's life. But I think he has misunderstood his data. If the psycho-analytic formula is to be employed, it surely is a tenable theory that instead of becoming a realist when he accepted marriage, Thyrsis transferred his repugnance from his own family to society at large. The normal rule is that when the young radical marries and settles down he becomes conservative. But here was a young conservative of aristocratic Southern parentage who married, settled down, and then became a radical. He rebelled against marriage, was conquered, and then rebelled against the beef trust. In the light of this strange sequence of events it seems to me highly probable that when the fires of rebellion were damped down by domesticity they burst into flame in another sector of his soul.

If this is a correct explanation, it might explain why it is so hard to find anyone, not himself a Marxian socialist, who accepts Upton Sinclair as a veracious reporter of American life. I have not read his forthcoming novel about Boston, but I would wager that it will seem least realistic to experienced Bostonians, and that it will seem crushingly true when it is translated into Russian. My own experience has been that Upton Sinclair was most plausible when I was most ignorant; that the moment he dealt with something I had observed myself, his account of it seemed to me either wildly inaccurate, or at least just wrong enough to be thoroughly misleading. I am thinking particularly about "The Brass Check," his book about the prostitution of the press. The few incidents in that book of which I happen to have personal knowledge are fairly accurately stated. They are as accurate, I should say, as the work of a good second-rate reporter with no editor to check him up. Yet not one of these incidents is inwardly a true account of what happened. They are mere gossip, that is to say, the facts have the color and emphasis of an outsider who has heard of the affair at second hand, and has not understood it intuitively for himself.

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I do not deny that "The Brass Check" is effective pamphleteering. Possibly it is a great pamphlet. But it is not, as Mr. Dell asserts, a work of great imaginative realism. It is not imaginative because it never penetrates the outward behavior of the villains, and it is not realistic because it is not altogether truthful of villains. All the figures in Mr. Sinclair's world are automata except the sublime and tormented hero who is at war with them. There is only one thing in Mr. Sinclair's world which he treats with that respect which is due to reality. That is his own conception of his own mission among men. Everything else is stage properties and supers. That is why it takes hundreds of pages to do justice to the tribulations of Thyrsis in dealing with Corydon, but one sentence is usually sufficient to explain why a business man, a politician, a professor, a publisher, a priest, or an editor is a god-forsaken selfish wretch.

Mr. Dell's notion that this is great realism is due, I think, to the simple error of assuming that a writer is a realist if he deals with factories and mine bosses rather than with gardens and knights in armor. Perhaps Mr. Dell and I have different ideas as to what realism is, for in one place he says that Upton Sinclair has done for modern industrial America what Fenimore Cooper did for the Indian. That may be true, but does anybody think of Cooper as a great imaginative realist? I have forgotten. I have not read Cooper since I was a boy, nor a novel of Upton Sinclair's since the first time Debs ran for President, but I should guess that if Upton Sinclair is another Fenimore Cooper, then that clinches my argument that he is not a realist. For as I understand realism it is the effort to convey a sense of actuality, to make experience of the world vicariously available to a man in an armchair. I should suppose that a novel is realistic only if it does this, and not merely because it adapts the commonplaces of our existence to the conventions of literature.

Now to my mind Upton Sinclair's writing is insulated against experience. He has erected a structure of theories in front of his eyes which is so dazzling that nothing in the outer world is clearly visible to him. These theories and his own responses to them are his world, and he can accept only those bits of experience which illustrate and confirm his theories. The child has been father to the man. The lonely young poet, afraid of his own instincts, afraid of money, afraid of women, afraid to make friends, did not become clear-eyed and perceiving when he was converted to socialism. He simply used the socialist philosophy to barricade himself more elaborately against the world whose contamination he dreaded, and behind this barricade he has achieved a certain kind of security and self-assurance by winning fabulous victories over creatures of his own imagination. This, I think, is why his influence in American life is so negligible in comparison with the circulation of his books. He does not influence America because he does not deal with America. He merely uses American things to work out his own fantasies.

* * *

In saying that his influence is negligible I refer to his direct influence on American life. He may be, as Mr. Dell says, "one of the leaders of a significant American literary movement" because "he is one of the great pioneers in the fictional discovery and exploitation of modern America." That may be a sound estimate. Upton Sinclair may be a pioneer in fictional discovery, that is to say in the discovery that modern America can be dealt with by writers of fiction. But to say that he has discovered the fictional possibilities of modern America is quite a different thing from saying that he has discovered America. In the history of American literature Mr. Sinclair may indeed be a Columbus. But like Columbus, there were others before him; like Columbus he has never set foot on this continent; and like Columbus he has never known, and perhaps will never know, what continent he has discovered.

What Upton Sinclair has really tried all his life to discover is not America but the Messianic Kingdom. He is an apocalyptic socialist. He believes that this mundane society of ours is about to disappear and that the reign of righteousness is about to begin. In 1907 he stated quite succinctly that it would begin in 1917. In 1917 for a brief while he thought it had begun, and he wrote that "now the day is coming, the glad, new day which blinds us with the shining of its wings; it is coming so swiftly that I am afraid of it." He summoned the young people who are "the readers of my books" and announced to them that "out of the pit of ignorance and despair we emerge into the sunlight of knowledge, to take control of a world, and to make it over, not according to the will of any gods, but according to the law in our own hearts."

It was time in 1917 to prepare for the new dispensation, and so he advised his young disciples to renounce their carnal appetites. They must give up drinking "the newest red chemicals, smoking the newest brand of cigarettes, and discussing the newest form of psychopathia sexualis." We must quell "the fires of lust in our hearts" he said. We must stop "destroying our nerves with nicotine." For "whether we will it or not, we have to take charge of the world."

* * *

This apostolic conviction that our wicked world will shortly pass away, and that a new society of regenerate souls will take its place, is the heart of Upton Sinclair's socialism. Naturally, in the light of such exalted expectations the ordinary cares and responsibilities of earthly life seem trivial. The difficulties of keeping this world going must seem to him beneath his notice. They will all disappear soon. Hence his socialism is poles asunder from the socialism of men like Ramsay MacDonald or Lenin. It has no real affinity with actual socialism as a concrete political philosophy. Actual socialism is about ninety-eight per cent. concerned with the next budget and the next harvest and the next diplomatic encounter, and about two per cent. with the apocalyptic vision. But this messianic socialism is a different thing entirely. It has surmounted all practical difficulties by assuming that they are destined inexorably to be surmounted. Its devotees are a sect who have withdrawn from sin and responsibility to await the coming of the kingdom. Those who remain in the world are pagans who have not yet heard the glad tidings.

The pretentious sociological apparatus which serves this faith is a random accumulation out of pseudo-Hegel and pseudo-Darwin, the intellectual debris of certain speculations on the continent of Europe during the nineteenth century. All this is fortuitous. But the vision itself is a dream which

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recurs again and again throughout history as the religion of small minorities who cannot endure the life of their times. This religion never conquers the world until it renounces its own essence, becomes worldly, and ceases to demand that which it once held to be all important. But though it never conquers the world, it often produces saints and heroes who, by the contagion of their ardor for righteousness, manage to stir men somewhat out of their lethargy, and to set their eyes on distant goals.

In the present manifestation of this faith Upton Sinclair undoubtedly has a considerable place. He is one of its saints, and he is a hero. I say that without mental reservation. He is a noisy and voluble saint, but none the less authentically a saint. He has consecrated himself to his own mission. He is a brave man, too, and spasmodically and spectacularly a rather dashing fighter against oppression. He has insisted for his own comfort on wearing a great collection of hairshirts, and of getting himself singed in a variety of martyrdoms. He is full of righteousness and certainty.

I do not happen to admire deeply his type of saintliness, and so perhaps I cannot do him full justice. I prefer the Franciscans, who are reputed to be full of gentleness and courtesy, to the terribly zealous, domineering, and cocksure men with a commission from the Lord. I can smell the inquisitor in Upton Sinclair, and I should dread the justice he would mete out if his writings are a sample of his mercy. Nevertheless it may be that he is what he thinks he is: a prophet of the future.

It is not a future I could look forward to with pleasure.

A High-Spirited Book

WHAT ABOUT ADVERTISING? By KENNETH M. GOODE and HARFORD POWEL, JR. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1928. $3.50.

Reviewed by EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

IT was about time some one introduced a lighter touch into the literature of business. Astronomy, biology, philosophy, behaviorism, and other abstruse subjects have been rewritten in the language of the *Saturday Evening Post* to the edification of countless new readers who have thus found that the digestive tract or the Milky Way may be as thrilling as a novel by Phillips Oppenheim. But the sciences of merchandising, distribution, and advertising have remained bound up in hard, dry, dark brown books, the reading of which was a penance, under the mistaken notion that business was a solemn function, not to be approached in a light spirit. This has seemed strange when one considers the numbers of bright young men writing sprightly advertising copy who are so keenly aware of the absurdities and inconsistencies of their trade, as well as its economic value.

Therefore I want to introduce to the readers of the *Saturday Review* "What about Advertising?" as the liveliest business book that has yet appeared. Its joint authors are two young men who have not let their contact with business dim their vision or their enthusiasm. Both have had varied experiences, as writers of advertising, managers of campaigns, employees of advertising agencies, and editors of leading magazines. They know the business from all sides, especially the human side, too often ignored by the brass facts school of practitioners. The difference between this book and "Your Money's Worth," is that while "What About Advertising?" is just as entertaining as the Chase and Schlink work (more so, in my estimation), it clings throughout to the essential soundness and necessity of advertising, while not hesitating to poke hilarious fun at some of the bunk, sacred cows, cherished delusions, and stereotyped practices.

Even the chapter headings show that this is no conventional work: "Rooster Crows and Results," "The Devil's Ad-vocate," or "Butterflies and Little Blood Hounds." "Pangolins Free" describes the inception of an advertising campaign as Lewis Carroll would have written it. The pangolin is the authors' substitute for the gadget, which up till now has served as the imaginary advertised article. The pangolin is a sort of armored armadillo from Africa which subsists on the larvæ of white ants. A pair has been imported and a pangolin farm established in Westchester, and the book proceeds to find out what if any market there exists for pangolins and if so, how to make the country pangolin conscious. In all the mad waggery which makes this chapter one of the most entertaining in the book, the main thesis is never lost sight of, and there is more sound advertising common sense in this bit of apparent foolery than in half the solemn tomes from the Harvard School of Business Research. You will enjoy it no matter how little you know about advertising, but the more you know about advertising the more this book will make you think and mentally revise some of your preconceived opinions.

The patness of some of the phrases brings an appreciative chuckle to the advertising man who has been through the mill and already realizes the truths the authors proclaim so engagingly, however little he may admit it. The delusion that people catch something from advertising whether they read it or not is characterized as the "poison ivy theory." The authors believe each advertisement must reach its billet if it is to count in the sales sheet:

> For advertisements are like bullets in a battle. Only those that hit count. All others fly unnoticed. Mere repetition will no more polish a prospect into a purchaser than a hail of passing bullets will gradually kill a soldier.
>
> To be affected at all, each individual must sometime or other definitely notice your advertisement. Unless that advertisement sells him then and there, you have lost your best chance. To continue to hammer that individual with the same advertisement, or even one which resembles it, is like trying to teach fish to bite bait they won't touch.

"OPPRIMETUR LIBRORUM MULTITUDINE"
(From Brandt's "STULTIFERA NAVIS," 1497, sold February 9, at the Anderson Galleries.)

The use and abuse of the questionnaire is given a vigorous overhauling. We all know to what base uses the art of fact-finding is put, and how difficult it is to read the minds of people by asking questions, and how often the investigators go out to verify a predetermined theory. Says either Mr. Powel or Mr. Goode:

> But, the advertiser using a questionnaire to dig up favorable evidence is in the fortunate position of the young man who tossed up Sunday morning to see whether he should play golf or go to church. And had to flip the coin sixteen times in succession.

Every phase of advertising work is discussed in this book, good humoredly, but without compromise. An amazing mass of documentary evidence is adduced, and new light thrown on old sets of figures. The whole subject is set up in a fresh alignment. It is ventilated with common sense. It ought to be required reading for every course in advertising. No man who practices advertising or pays for space that other men fill should fail to read it, and everyone else should read it if only to learn that even business is an entertaining subject, as it should be, since it occupies the waking energies of so many of us.

M. Yves-Guyot, prominent economist and former Minister of Public Works in France, died recently at the age of eighty-five.

He was one of the world's outstanding advocates of free trade, served as Minister of Public Works from 1889 to 1892, was a member of the American Statistical Society and the American Economic Association and was active in the work of many British and French economist organizations. M. Yves-Guyot has been editor of the *Journal des Economistes* since 1909, and the author of many books and articles.

"Prexy" Pilloried

A MAN OF LEARNING. By NELSON ANTRIM CRAWFORD. Boston: Little, Brown, & Company. 1928.

Reviewed by HENRY NOBLE MACCRACKEN
Vassar College

THIS is the Elmer Gantry of education. It is a devastating exposition of The Great Man in his nineteenth century costume. Henry Fielding's Account of Robert Walpole, the Great Man of Politics, was not more savage. As a companion volume to Dr. Charles Thwing's "College President," it presents the other side of the medal with a vengeance. It may be questioned whether any folks outside the academic world will know enough of the inner workings of that strange microcosm to enjoy it.

For this book is written from the inside. If the public has perused less advertising space devoted to Ex-President Jardine, of the Kansas Agricultural College at Manhattan, Kansas, than others of President Coolidge's cabinet have enjoyed, it has not been the fault of Nelson Antrim Crawford. Doctor Jardine is the Secretary of Agriculture, and Professor Crawford, whose latest work is the editorship of "Great Christian Hymns," 1925, is his prophet, as he was back in Manhattan, Kansas. Every cabinet secretary, as we know, takes his publicity director with him to Washington.

So, when Mr. Crawford etches with sharp acid the figure of a man of learning, he knows his linotype. A more perfect wind-calf of monstrous and portentous dimension was never blown up by the breath of publicity than the Man of Learning, Arthur Patrick Redfield, LL.D., the President of Thompson Walker University. He is, of course, not a portrait of Dr. Jardine. Yet as no man is a hero to his valet, so no college president is a hero to his publicity director. He is something more than a hero, he is a being known to the bottom of his shallow soul, and despised, and envied. Deep down in the subconscious of every showman who has exposed the tricks of his trade, from Chaucer's Pardoner ("Lo, sires, thus I preche") to George M. Cohan, is a defeated joy in the device, a concealed love of the trick and the craft, and an envy like that of the effeminate Pardoner for the man who has plied the graft and got away with it. Sinclair Lewis with a spice of nerve would have made a good sawdust exhorter. Nelson Crawford plus something (I speak purely as one guessing from the book) might have won the Middlewest champion belt as a prexy.

* * *

Theophrastus is the father of journalism. Up and down the streets of Alexander's Athens he wandered, noting upon his tablets the ways of men. These ways he classified according to their moral traits, and having garnered a sufficient number presently issued forth a "Character," a flat, two-dimensional, but perfectly accurate transcript of life. Mr. Crawford's Man of Learning is of this type. For years, he has been collecting and dropping in a folder press-notices of the ways of college presidents, particularly those ways which strike the imagination of the publicity director; and now comes forth the picture, a glorious biography of a Great American. A gem of his thought adorns every chapter heading ("It is in college that the qualities of unselfishness, loyalty, and industry rise to the surface to form a rich cream of social altruism;"* "Be constructive, my young friends, be constructive!"** "There is no opportunity equal to that of leading a great body of young men and women to the mountain heights of scholarship and idealism."***) Through school and college, graduate work and professorship, Doctor Redfield advances from strength to strength to the heights in this mock epic. His career as President of Thompson Walker University, which terminates all too soon owing to the danger of a scandal with a woman member of his faculty, is a perfect blend of chicanery, cheap politics, humbuggery, and buncombe.

Mr. Crawford can undoubtedly quote chapter and verse for every sentence of this career. To at least one college president reader of the book, the

* Doctor Redfield before the National Congress of Parents, New York City, November 19, 1915.

** Doctor Redfield at the Thompson Walker University Convocation, February 12, 1916.

*** Doctor Redfield before the conclave of Chi Delta, Los Angeles, Cal., June 21, 1919.

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volume has the fascination of a puzzle, every paragraph recalling vaguely something he has heard and even, be it confessed, evoking at times a more intimate memory. Here but for the grace of God goes this college president, and for all he knows, he may go anyhow, pilloried to posterity.

But the college president of yesterday, Mr. Crawford's specimen, belongs with the dinosaurs (though here and there a giant lizard of the specimen may survive). He was a chimæra of the popular imagination, this Great American, and it is little wonder that in endeavoring to live up to what the public expected, the poor victim burst his moral and intellectual buttons. Like a certain Eastern professor, prexy had to pray harder and swear louder than any other man in the faculty. "All things to all men" was his slogan, if by any means he might win something. Not all the Days of '49 were spent in California canyons. Much of the gold rush might be recorded on university campuses.

Cervantes punctured the knight of chivalry with his pen a long generation after the bombard had blown him skyward. Mr. Crawford, too, has burned his man of straw in effigy a little late. For in spite of the educational politics at Seattle and of the current case in Louisville, the presidency is on the road to reform. The position is now being offered such teachers as are willing to abandon library alcove and laboratory for the doubtful delights of the administration desk. Trustees are conferring upon faculties the control of the educational policy of the college. With the limitation of enrolment comes the elimination of competition and its attendant evils. Survivals of the tribal stage of the college system exist, of course, and college publicity unceasingly endeavors by the use of its gas pontoons to float the university vessel higher than it would naturally sit upon the water by its own displacement. University standards are not yet fixed, and many steps are yet to be taken; but a true system of higher education in these commonwealths will soon emerge. The Man of Learning is extinct, or nearly so, having retreated to his natural habitat, the sphere of politics. It is well that before his outward form and countenance be wholly forgotten they should have been embalmed by Nelson Antrim Crawford, B.A., M.A., Director of Publicity, Phi Kappa Phi, Phi Sigma Kappa, Sigma Delta Chi, etc., 32d degree Mason and winner in 1920 of the Kansas Poetry Prize of $100, according to the chronicles of "Who's Who in America."

Lest he be thought ungrateful, this college president wishes to express his eternal obligation to Mr. Crawford for one immortal sentence which heads Chapter 11, "Service Before Self," the essence of every educational address through which he has yawned or for his own sins stumbled: "Every little red schoolhouse is a service station on the broad concrete highway of American idealism."

Well Done

THE MAKING OF A STATE. By THOMAS GARRIGUE MASARYK. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1927. $6.00.

Reviewed by HAMILTON FISH ARMSTRONG.

Editor, *Foreign Affairs*

WHEN Lord Bryce was in this country in 1921 I asked him what men that he had known in his long and varied life had seemed to him most richly endowed with the attributes of true greatness. "Kossuth and Mazzini," he replied, "but, most of all, Masaryk."

We now have before us, in a competent English version, the life book of this statesman who by all standards of both intellect and sentiment must be called "great." It is his accounting to his Czech and Slovak compatriots of his work for their freedom as a people and their existence as a state. For the world in general it is more than an important historical document. It is the refutation of the allegation that the Czechoslovak Republic has gained a place among the nations by astute propaganda for something artificial, unreal, unworthy even. A people producing a political philosopher like Masaryk, a practical working statesman like Benes, a fighting revolutionary like Stefanik, is a force in the world and its success is not due to talk.

The word propaganda is much maligned. In its true meaning it is not discreditable. Whoever believes in something and works and fights for it is a propagandist. No great cause has succeeded without faithful and able propagandists. The Twelve Apostles were propagandists. What President Masaryk says in this connection is illuminating:

> In the psychology of propaganda one point is important—not to imagine that people can be converted to a political idea merely by stating it vigorously and enthusiastically or by harping on its details; the chief thing is to rouse interest in your cause as best you can, indirectly no less than directly. Political agitation often frightens or alienates thoughtful people whom art and literature may attract. Sometimes a single phrase, well used at the right moment, is enough. Long-windedness is always to be avoided, especially in private talk. . . . Another weighty point is this—propaganda must be honest. Exaggeration is harmful and lies are worse. Some among us thought that the whole art of politics consists in gulling people. Until we stopped them they tried to disseminate "patriotic" untruths, forgetting that falsehoods can be exposed. . . . A third rule is not to praise one's own goods, like inferior commercial travelers. Intelligent and honest policy must accompany intelligent and honest propaganda.

It was because Masaryk knew and acted on the principle that a policy of culture needs cultivated propaganda that he moved mountains, both of ignorance and of opposition. Herman Bahr says that to some he seemed "a mixture of Tolstoy and Walt Whitman, to others a heretic, to others again an ascetic, and to all an enthusiast." He was indeed an enthusiast, but his enthusiasm was not a hazy, excited affair nor yet a cold intellectualism divorced from direct action. It was applied intellectual enthusiasm, the serene mind ruling the vigorous hand, the heart always compelling the brain to further effort.

* * *

The reproach is sometimes heard that the Czechoslovaks and Jugoslavs (whose parallel movement for unity and freedom indirectly owed much to Masaryk's advice and example) profited from the war without having earned the right. Apart entirely from the exploits and sufferings of the Serbian army and the romance of the Czech legionaries, the enormous activities of the free agents of the two oppressed peoples in Switzerland, Paris, St. Petersburg, London and, later, America, constitute a by no means inadequate answer. The various revolutionary activities were coördinated, newspapers were founded everywhere, elaborate underground channels with Prague and Vienna were created and used incessantly, liaison was established with the Entente governments, and countless memoranda and military documents were transmitted to them regarding the situation within the Hapsburg Empire as well as in Russia, where events from the beginning were shrouded in doubt. The basis of coöperation with other revolutionary movements in Europe had also to be established and continually kept under review, and a general propaganda conducted for the application of human as opposed to historical principles in the coming peace settlement. With the Czechs and the Jugoslavs, heart and brain, worked Seton-Watson, Wickham Steed, Professor Ernest Denis, Professor Reiss, Charles R. Crane, and other devoted friends.

* * *

The fight was not solely against the military and political machines of the common enemy, but against unsound enthusiasts, as for instance those in Prague who hoped to secure quickly and painlessly a free and democratic régime at the hands of the Czar's armies; they prejudiced the cause by making it seem part of an unbalanced and perhaps dangerous Pan-Slavism. A way had also to be found of combating the ill-considered plans of many of the leading Entente statesmen, who naturally enough were quite ignorant of the real racial problems involved and who did not grasp Masaryk's conception of a New Europe. As a part of the general propaganda for a settlement on racial rather than historical lines was the special attack that had to be made on the secret Treaty of London, which stood as the shining example of the old as opposed to the new. There was the further task of examining different governmental systems, especially those of countries where individual component states had different racial complexions, traditions, or special rights, as for example the Swiss Federation, the United States, and the German Empire. In this way Masaryk worked to diminish the risk of misusing freedom after it had been won.

When the scene of Masaryk's labors shifted in the spring of 1917 from Paris and London to Russia, the conflict became less impersonal but correspondingly more wearing and dangerous. The account of the struggle with Czarism, with pro-Germanism, with all-pervading Russian incompetence, makes bitter reading, but by comparison his final success in the formation of a Czech army there and the story of its "anabasis" to Vladivostock are the more brilliant and incredible.

Masaryk had no illusions about the help that might be gained by the Czechs from their Russian brothers, whether Czarist or Bolshevist. After the Revolution he wrote:

> The Russians, even the Bolshevists, are children of the Czarism in which they were brought up and fashioned for centuries. They managed to get rid of the Czar but not of Czarism. They will still wear the Czarist uniform, albeit inside out; a Russian, as is known, can never wear his boots with the soles inside.

After arranging with the Bolshevist Government to allow the transport to France of the Czechoslovak Corps which had been formed among the prisoners of war, Dr. Masaryk left Moscow on March 7, 1918, for Vladivostock. The memorandum on affairs in Russia which Ambassador Morris asked him for in Tokio, for transmission to President Wilson, makes interesting reading today.

From the elimination of Russia as a belligerent, from the difficulties of securing a decisive victory, from the prevailing war weariness, and from the large crop of open as well as secret peace negotiations, Dr. Masaryk judged that 1918 would see the end of the conflict. He therefore hastened from the Far East towards the West. He had been in America repeatedly, from 1878, and his wife was American. He knew American civilization (the entries on the debit as well as the credit side), American history, and American letters—from Thomas Paine and the two Danas through Emerson and Whitman, William James and Howells, to Mrs. Wharton, Edgar Lee Masters (whose poetry was "poor" but whose "revolt" was interesting), and Dreiser.

His activities in America are well known. Uncertainty still prevailed as to the form of Czech and Slovak coöperation. On June 30 he signed the "Convention of Pittsburgh," which laid down the manner in which the Slovak political problem was to be settled. He also educated Washington. The dangers of 1917, when Emperor Charles was trying to save his ramshackle Empire by arranging a separate peace, were by no means over, and Masaryk's influence over President Wilson's diplomatic correspondence in this crisis was highly important. On October 14, 1918, Masaryk agreed to the transformation of the National Council into a Provisional Government, in order to forestal Vienna's intention of granting a last-minute autonomy to the subject peoples. And just when Emperor Charles was preparing his manifesto promising the transformation of Austria into a federal state, Masaryk issued from Washington the Czech Declaration of Independence. "By the time Emperor Charles's manifesto was published," he writes, "the colors of the free Czechoslovak State were already flying from the house where I lived as President of the Provisional Government."

On November 14 the Republic was proclaimed in Prague itself, and Masaryk was elected President. The next day he took farewell of President Wilson, and sailed on November 20 from New York, *en route* for his formidable labors at the Peace Conference.

> The sea, the sea! (he wrote). The throb of the engines and propellers goes unheeded. In my exile I had lost the habit of regular sleep. I doubt, indeed, whether I slept well for five consecutive nights during the whole four years. My brain was ever working, like a watch, considering, comparing, reckoning, estimating, judging what the next day would bring forth on the battlefields or among governments, a constant measuring of distances and of deviations from the goal.

Today his goal is won, and if there is a man in Europe entitled to satisfied sleep after work well done it is Masaryk.

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Love among the Masses

BAD GIRL. By VINA DELMAR. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

WHAT are they like, those vermilion-lipped shop girls who buy their lustrous dresses in places where one can get "indubitable chic" for six ninety-eight, those obviously pretty girls who go off Saturday nights in search of romance—to cheap dance-halls in winter, to excursion steamers in summer—and return home late at night, technically intact though flushed and giddy from looking over precipices? Well, "Bad Girl" is the story of one of them and for the first half of the book it is a story in which excellent reportorial skill has been quickened by imaginative insight and an understanding sympathy. In its beginnings at least the love affair of Dot Haley, typist, and Eddie Collins, radio mechanic, has the authentic touch, however light, of universality.

With spare, hard strokes—vaguely reminiscent of the Hemingway technique—these inarticulate young people are made to reveal themselves to us and to each other. Through a series of admirable short scenes—on a Hudson steamer, in the foyer of Dot's Bronx apartment house, at a Chinese restaurant—we watch their elaborate casualness, their derisive truculence, ineffectually masking a common desire to come together. When Dot—for the first and last time, by the way—lives up to the title of the book, nothing could seem more natural or more inevitable. And the sequel of that adventure—despite the romances of the past and the movies of the present—is uncompromisingly true.

Unfortunately, soon after Dot loses her right to be called a "bad girl" the story begins to slump. Its realism, to be sure, continues to the end; indeed in matters obstetric, both legal and illegal, its frankness and accuracy could hardly be surpassed. But except for the short interlude of Dot's dissatisfaction with her first leisure and for the over-long, though subtly studied, misunderstanding between Dot and her husband—arising from the fact that each believes the other undesirous of having a child—there is little in the second part of the tale above the level of remarkably faithful reporting. Moreover, its excessive bulk, measured in terms of the first eighty pages, and the absence of any secondary character worthy of the principals—Edna, Maude, and Sue remain abstractions—give to Dot's gestation and parturition a biological rather than a literary interest. Indeed at times we quite lose sight of the hero and heroine in the vivid and precise detailing of the processes of nature. Had the author's ability to observe accurately and present deftly been matched in these later chapters—as they were in the earlier—by corresponding gifts of imagination and restraint, she would have written a memorable book. As it is, "Bad Girl" will undoubtedly appeal to many readers—especially to those women who, to invert Dante, rejoice to recall in felicity the days of their *miseria*.

Edwardians

WINTERSMOON. By HUGH WALPOLE. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by EDWARD T. BOOTH

IN "Wintersmoon" there are: a Modern Young Woman and a Modern Young Man; a pair of Edwardians, male and female; an oldish Victorian Gentleman and a young Pendennis in whom Victorian sentimentality survives without the corrective common sense of the period. Behind these persons is a view of pre-war and post-war social groups in London, as sharply contrasted as the individuals of the foreground. There is, of course, a clash between champions of the old and the new societies. There is tragedy and then a happy ending on the note of Edwardian sentiment. It is all very well done and Mr. Walpole's admirers will not be let down in the least by the twenty-first novel in his series.

If we must find fault with the book, we should say that it deals rather rigidly in categories. The fashions in morals and manners of three periods are very effectively exhibited, but what of the personalities that show the styles? Aren't they at once simpler and more complex than Mr. Walpole lets them appear to be? Fruit of the same tree, unlike and of different seasons, are they so dissimilar as they are presented? Those who have disavowed Queen Victoria and affect to be ever so hard and intelligent certainly cannot be depicted without taking into account their "ideals," but aspirations to absolute hardness and intelligence, perhaps, ought not to be taken at face value by a novelist. Mr. Walpole's Moderns would be more vivacious if they were seen for a moment sinning, at least in spirit, against pure self-interest. His Edwardians, if they had lapses and flaws and anomalies showing through their amiability and decorum. The Victorian noblesse is too Victorian.

At any rate, there is no favoritism. Mr. Walpole, no doubt, is on the Edwardian side in the contest, but so far as his analysis goes he is not unjust to friend or foe. If there are a villain and a hero in the piece, they are Periods or Folkways, not persons. The hard young persons, the personalities that became set in the days of Gladstone, or on the eve of the War, are all fairly estimable in the eyes of the author. It is too bad that when they were viewed so humanely, they were not made more human. If only we could have seen the common traits of our species cutting across the three periods represented, as indeed they may be supposed to cut widely through so many periods and ages!

Shall we blame a Period of Transition again for obscuring the unity of human nature that was evident to Fielding and Sterne and Thackeray and Thomas Hardy? Must we be so self-consequential about our differences as the characters of "Wintersmoon"?

S. FOWLER WRIGHT

A Remarkable Romance

DELUGE. By S. FOWLER WRIGHT. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE truly enthralling novel is a rare phenomenon. The book that can convey us with unquestionable imaginative power into an entirely unfamiliar world, into a set of circumstances actually unexperienced by modern man, is even rarer. A London reviewer of Mr. Wright's novel, after quite inevitably referring to the earlier H. G. Wells in this connection, added these remarks, "Others have written fantasies of unknown worlds. Mr. Fowler Wright creates one." The latter sentence is no less than the truth. "Deluge," postulating a world-wide cataclysm, a disaster that instantly erases modern civilization and casts the few survivors of the well-nigh annihilated human race back upon the most primitive conditions, lives and breathes with actuality in its every detail. It is energized by a profound scorn for the artificial environment our modern industrialism has made for us.

> Released in a day from the most elaborate system of mutual slavery that the world has known, they were unused to the exercise of mental initiative, or to independent action. They were accustomed to settle every issue of life, not by the application of any basic rules, or instinctive preferences, or by the exercise of reason, but under the blind guidance of their specialized fellow-men, or by assiduous imitation of the procedure of those around them. The great majority of them were engaged in repetition work which had not originated in their own minds, and made no call upon them for analysis, decision, or judgment.

Fowler Wright, a poet as well as a prose-writer, possesses a poet's range of vision, a poet's intelligence concerning natural laws, that closeness to and almost identification with the physical environment which operates somewhat as a natural force in itself. Wild life, life as it was in the beginning, is that toward which the poet naturally turns in many cases, from the contemplation of the intricate artificiality in which "civilized" mankind wraps itself as in a cocoon. Poets are continually seeking for the fundamental things in life, for living stripped of shams, for free action and adventure impossible in the business man's world. Mr. Fowler Wright, we have said, is a poet. But he is also a scholar and a lawyer. The mental discipline of scholarship and the law are evident in the structural proportion of his narrative. This profoundly pondered book avoids no logical issue resulting from its premises, and the tale is unfolded with admirable lucidity. It is also written with intense mental energy. Above all, its human beings are flesh and blood, its atmosphere vivid, the course of its action swift, many of its dramatic incidents indelibly etched upon the mind.

The one lack of the novel—if it can be called a lack in a story that moves so quickly, with such understanding of the emotions—is that there is hardly the slightest element of humor present. But the excitement of episode after episode admits, perhaps, only of the rare and wan flicker of that element. In a new world where life is literally from hand to mouth, in which the primitive returns with a rush, the daily struggle for mere existence is too tense for much humor to intrude. The author is also, however, somewhat tractarian. His desire is to spread a philosophy as well as to tell a tale. But the fact that he is, above all things, a born imaginative narrator puts thesis safely in its place, though he is constantly making philosophical points as he goes along.

Fowler Wright is one of those instances in literature of a writer creating suddenly at his best when past the age when inspiration is usually thought to fade. He is not a stylist, but he is remarkable as a romancer. It is not impossible that in the next few years he will create a number of successors to "Deluge" that will place him high in his department of literature. As it is, his first novel, at the age of fifty-three, can only be called a striking success.

Frustrated Johnny

HANGING JOHNNY. By MYRTLE JOHNSTON. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

THIS is not, as its rather misleading title might suggest, the story of the hanging of Johnny, but the chronicle of Johnny the hangman—of Johnny, the dreamer, the potential and frustrated idealist, the fanatic who in the making becomes the lunatic, the man of whom circumstance made an executioner and whom weakness betrayed into virtual murder the while his soul yearned for love and beauty. It is a grewsome story in its portrayal of the black abysses of character, a pitiful one in its depiction of the cross-purposes at which love can work, and a relentless one in its demonstration that the wages of sin are death or worse. Miss Johnston has set forth her tale with grim straightforwardness, implying rather than delineating the traits of her characters, and carrying her plot along by means of economically phrased dialogue. She has injected sympathy into it, but not sentiment, and she evokes for its sordidness pity rather than revulsion. "Hanging Johnny" moves forward with swiftness, with precision, and with cumulative tension to an end as effective as it is credible. The book is good not as the work of a girl of eighteen but on its absolute merits.

Those readers of Cooper who are familiar with his lesser known works as well as with his more noted ones will recall the "Headsman" and the noble personality of the man on whom by the Swiss law the office of executioner had descended. Amidst all the faults of that tale the figure of Balthazar stands out with dignity, a man imbued with something of grandeur by a loftiness of nature that defied while it loathed the hideousness of an occupation which the law of heredity imposed upon him and which as a function of the state was condoned in the eyes of his peers. Not such is Miss Johnston's hero. Johnny Cregan is a weakling, a man who is a hangman because his father was one before him, and because to be one presents a means of livelihood, who, knowing him to be innocent, puts his one friend to death rather than forego the fee for it, who pursued by remorse for the deed and fear of its consequences renounces his occupation until necessity again demands money and the resumption of it, and who ends by hanging the woman who in her love for him has proclaimed her-

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self the murderer of the husband he has killed. Small wonder that Johnny Cregan is a blithering idiot when the last page is turned upon him.

But Johnny, for all that he never has stamina and is at times utterly base, enlists our sympathy. For Johnny has a soul, a groping, yearning, uncomprehending soul, that longs for love and loveliness, that wins intimations of what it desires from nature and from his love for the woman he marries, but is thrown back, baffled and bewildered, upon itself by the cheerful, devastating practicality of his wife. It is Anna, indeed, who in her competent, obtuse worthiness wrecks Johnny's soul, Anna who in her sound common sense considers the hangman's job a necessary and therefore not despicable one. It is Anna who when misfortune threatens their home urges her husband to return to his old occupation, who in her passion for order and comfortableness gives her husband bread when he asks for understanding. She it is, who precipitates the final catastrophe by arguing her husband into hanging the woman of whose love for him she is ignorant.

A ruthless, unflinching, bitter tale, the poignance of "Hanging Johnny" lies not in the sordidness it depicts, but in its revelation of the narrow margin that lies between sordidness and beauty. It is the triumph of Miss Johnston's novel that it completely eschews sentimentality and yet arouses compassion. It unfolds its tale with a minimum of analysis. Yet its characters stand forth with precision and clearness, and its narrative is charged with emotion despite the sparse discussion of it. It is a book to arouse keen interest in the future of its author.

Eden Phillpotts's Work

THE WIDECOMBE EDITION of Eden Phillpotts's Dartmoor Novels. New York: The Macmillan Co. 20 vols. 1927.

Reviewed by ALAN DUGALD MCKILLOP

JUST when Hardy's career as a novelist was coming to a close, when Blackmore was passing from the scene, and George Eliot's reputation diminishing, Mr. Eden Phillpotts began the Dartmoor cycle of novels which he completed only in 1923 and which is now being sumptuously reissued in the Widecombe Edition. The canon of the Dartmoor novels is presumably established by the list printed opposite the title-page of "Children of Men;" the numerous works which lie outside the limits of Devon, or at most Devon and Cornwall, do not come into our calculations here. Mr. Phillpotts has annexed Dartmoor, but he has not come into his kingdom as Mr. Hardy (the comparison is as stale as unavoidable) has inherited the Kingdom of Wessex. This is not to say that he has failed; or if it be so taken, then his failures are more interesting than the successes of many other men.

Perhaps it is not too oracular to say that the difficulty in a typical Dartmoor novel (and one can speak of such an archetype) is a surplusage of intention, an obtrusive management which does not allow us to be led naturally and easily from *milieu* to character, or from event to event. Everything is underscored. Impressive vigor is shown again and again, but scarcely clairvoyance or delicacy. Phillpotts has been accused of excessive documentation, of overloading his books with topography, archæology, and folk-lore, but after all it is impossible to set theoretical limits to the material which fiction can absorb, and the real difficulty is that the novelist provides not too much fact but too much comment. His landscapes sometimes impress us as long irrelevant footnotes which have usurped a place in the text; his elaborate dialogue, often more successful than his landscape, moves spontaneously with a most skilful use of dialect, but is likely to go on and on and to sink the situation in comment. One learns to watch for the entrance of the philosophic ancient who always turns up on Dartmoor, and to fear the controversies of the peasant theologians.

Although Phillpotts has not written at length of his own purpose, he has professed a philosophy from time to time, and here we find a partial clue to the merits and defects of the novels. In the Foreword to "Widecombe Fair" he borrows the words of Nietzsche:

> I have tried "to say 'yea' to life, even in its most difficult problems, and to display a will to life rejoicing in its own vitality in the sacrifice of its highest types."

Here too he describes the completed cycle of a rough and archaic workmanship depicting life "in the great hypæthral theatre of the Western Moors." It may not be unfair to translate this profession into other terms, and to point out that Phillpotts excels in rough and violent motivation, in characters who feel deeply and act doggedly yet impulsively, the victims of their own devotion, jealousy, or revenge. He gives us a gallery of such figures—the headstrong Will Blanchard in "Children of the Mist," all the protagonists in the powerful tragic crescendo of "The Secret Woman," Judith Huxam and Jacob Bellstone in "Children of Men," Ouldsbroom in "The Thief of Virtue." If life on Dartmoor ever seems idyllic, the idyll is soon rudely interrupted, not by the ironic workings of Fate or the relentless pressure of environment, but by violent spurts of will-power for which full moral retribution is exacted.

This account, to be sure, is curiously at odds with the declaration that immediately follows the passage quoted above. The novelist goes on to say that one may make a river or a forest the protagonist of a story, that man may become part of a larger pattern. But as a matter of fact such a pattern is not fully worked out on Dartmoor. There are attempts to follow this formula, such as "The River," in which the Dart dominates the characters; "Widecombe Fair," a decentralized comedy which attempts "to view a village at a stroke;" "Old Delabole," a novel of the Cornish slate industry. In "Brunel's Tower" the resolute will of Porter is subdued not to the clay he works in, but to ideals of loyal craftsmanship. After all human will refuses to be subordinated in the best novels of the series; it obtrudes itself, and does not really become part of a naturalistic system. In the Foreword to "Children of Men" the novelist avows a belief in moral evolution which reminds us of the sober meliorism of an earlier day. Critics have sometimes associated Phillpotts and Hardy too closely, comparing their presentation of locality and contrasting the so-called pessimism of the one with the mitigated tragedy of the other. But, the question of absolute merit having no place here, Phillpotts really represents an earlier stage in fiction; the Victorian novel survives almost intact in the Dartmoor cycle, with its excess of plot, its elaborate *décor*, and its ethical preoccupations.

Mystery and Thrills

CURSED BE THE TREASURE. By H. B. DRAKE. New York: Macy Masius. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

THIS mystery story of eighteenth-century England, of hidden treasure, of dark enmities, of slow conspiracies, of torture and assassination, will hold every reader till the final page is reached. It combines marked originality in plot and freshness of style with the use of those familiar properties in which we all delight—sea-caves revealed only at low tide, subterranean passages, lonely moors, a haunted mansion, and swift luggers. So great is the interest of the tale that we cannot wonder that English reviewers (according to the dust-cover) have compared it with Stevenson and with Conrad's "Escape." That is too high praise, for Mr. Drake has not these great romancers' magic of prose. But we can well say—and it is a flattering verdict—that he has here equalled the best work of John Buchan.

The success of a mystery story depends largely upon its possession of the elusive quality called atmosphere, and this Mr. Drake's imagination creates in the first chapters and richly maintains. In the background is the accursed treasure — something seized from South American priests, stained with the murder of dozens of men, and hidden within the shores of England. The tale is told by a lad, whose father, holding the manuscript which offers a partial clue to the treasure, is dogged from corner to corner by sleepless enemies; he thinks he eludes them or even slays them, but they always turn up again. Little by little the corners of the mystery are lifted, but not without a thrill at every revelation—a hairbreadth escape, an encounter with a manacled skeleton, an adventure with a villain disguised sometimes as an Arab, sometimes as an Italian, a battle to the death with knives in a small boat, and so on. It is not a story which ends in all ways happily, although the slender love-element turns out well enough. But it will leave the most blasé reader feeling that he has had his time's worth and his money's worth.

American Architecture

STORY OF ARCHITECTURE IN AMERICA. By THOMAS E. TALLMADGE. New York: W. W. Norton Company. 1927. $3.50.

Reviewed by AYMAR EMBURY II

WHEN "Sticks and Stones" was published, Lewis Mumford wrote what is, and probably will remain, within certain limits the best history of American architecture that can be written, but it was a history of the civilization of America as expressed in its architecture rather than a history of the work itself and of the men who did it. Mr. Tallmadge has written a book which, placed beside "Sticks and Stones," will give to anyone who is interested in the architecture of the United States not only a complete view of its development from the cultural life of the people, but an intimate and intelligent knowledge of the architects whose influence has been most powerful, both for good and for bad, and of the manner by which the cultured life of the people has been transmuted into their dwellings and their places of business.

Mr. Tallmadge, being himself an architect, has regarded the failures in the architectural profession with a much more tolerant and understanding mind than Mr. Mumford, although his perception of the lack of direction in our architectural progress, of the enormous and grotesque failures we have made, and of the still more important fact that many of our most beautiful buildings have been away from or against the stream of progress in the art, is not less sensitive than Mr. Mumford's. His feeling is always tempered by his knowledge of the process through which an architect has to work, and by his admiration and affection for many of the men who have had most to do with the art. He understands perfectly well that an architect, even when engaged in work with which he is not entirely sympathetic, may do it in a heat of enthusiasm engendered by his own creative instinct. He can understand how Mr. McKim designed the Pennsylvania station on the well known Roman Bath motive without any feeling of anachronism—a thing which to Mr. Mumford seems incredible; and thus to the person who has a real interest in the architecture of the country these two books complement each other.

When Mr. Tallmadge states a fact he may be relied on; when he gives opinions they will be found sound; and the manifest good temper of his remarks is by no means the least of his attractions. He describes the post-Colonial architecture as the "private property of Thomas Jefferson" and characterizes the cast iron story front as "a brick building covered with an architectural skin of cast iron wrinkled and furrowed with the five orders of Classic architecture or freckled and pockmarked with the ornament of Mr. Eastlake."

* * *

In his "Today and Tomorrow" he sums up our accumulated knowledge and indicates our possible achievements in the future, and in these matters the opinion of a man as intelligent, as learned, and as forward looking as this writer, is of interest. He says "Of today I shall mention only two phenomena. One is the discovery of the long-sought solution of the problem of the skyscraper; the other is our recently achieved world supremacy in architecture." The solver of the skyscraper problem was the Finnish architect, Eliel Saarinen. While it is possible to go a long way with Mr. Tallmadge in support of this thesis, it is also quite possible to differ from him. The writer at least does not believe that we have yet successfully solved the problem of the skyscraper, and does believe that the authors of the two most distinguished pieces of design in tall buildings, the Shelton Hotel and the New York Telephone Building, were indebted but little to Mr. Saarinen. That to most architects Mr. Saarinen's design for the Chicago *Tribune* building appears to have been at least as good and very likely a better solution than that adopted is probably true, but that Mr. Saarinen's solution was a new light bursting upon the world is probably not the case. That we are beginning to grasp the problem of tall building design is true, that we have mastered the problem in the sense that the Greeks mastered the problem of the temple structure is, alas, far from being the case. It is even possible that we will never produce a masterpiece in tall building design, and if we do, it will come from the office of some man who has done a number of such buildings and not from some outside source. The greatest difficulty which an American

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architect today faces is the fact that he does not have time to think. The really successful man as a rule accepts more work than he can comfortably do himself and runs a sort of factory, giving a little of his thought and time to each of many jobs instead of much to one; and even were the best architect in America to have but one job in his office, it is probable, nay, almost certain, that he would not have time to think it out as it should be thought out, because of the requirement for speed made by the owner of every tall building, the economic loss in delay of construction of the project costing from $5,000,000 to $20,000,000, is so great that no American owner has yet given an architect time to do the problem well, and the best efforts which have yet been made have resulted from cumulative experience added to natural ability in design.

This necessity for haste—and it is a necessity—is incompatible with a very high degree of quality in any work. It is the greatest handicap under which our architecture suffers, and one which is neither realized by the public nor mentioned in Mr. Tallmadge's book.

Isadora Duncan

MY LIFE. By ISADORA DUNCAN. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1928. $5.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

CERTAINLY Isadora Duncan had the quality of greatness. There was nobility in her dream of dancing the spirit of America, something more than mere artistic sectarianism in her lonely, but successful revolt against the classical ballet and the spiritual and social servitudes which it implied. She not only gave the world beauty, but she was creator, discoverer, and pioneer.

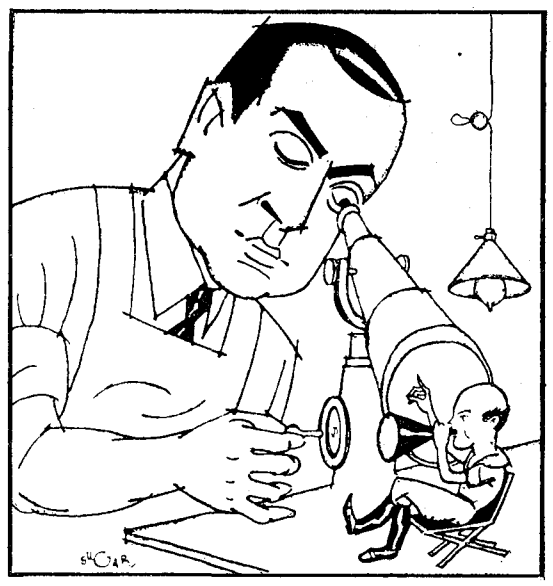
There was a certain objective "greatness" in the mere breadth and variety of her career—the way in which she swept across Europe, the numbers of distinguished persons on whom she impressed her will and her charm; the waves of dancers, more or less Greek, whom she started leaping and waving their arms all over the world. And along with these great qualities there was also smallness. She could sneer at her rival artists with the energy of the most commonplace representatives of that conventional theatre which she despised. Humility and reverence — unless, perhaps, for her own artistic dreams—knew her not. The world not only owed her a living, as the saying goes, but adulation, and if this was not promptly forthcoming—at least in the later phases of her career—everyone responsible, from individuals, through the theatre-going public, to the nation itself, in which at the moment she happened to be, were showered with her scorn.

The Duncan Clan, as Isadora sometimes speaks of them, had admirable and unusual qualities, but a sense of humor (*i. e.*, proportion) toward themselves, and ordinary common sense, were not among them. If the Great Isadora, at her best, represented one swing of the Duncan pendulum, then Raymond in his Greek robe, with his bare legs and bare arms, dragging his hapless children similarly swathed in costumes intended for the isles of the Ægean, through the wind-swept and raucous canyons of a below-zero Manhattan, was at the other. And if Isadora, when at her best, swung far above the banal attitudinizing of the lesser members of her family, she was nevertheless, in her weaker moments, not incapable of sharing it.

Devotees speak rapturously of Isadora's freedom. Free of what? . . . of shoes and stockings, yes; of various routine conventionalities; but who is free who is so constantly the slave of his own uncritical romanticism, and at any instant, at the first touch from some stray member of the opposite sex, is likely to explode like a bit of fireworks, convinced that *this* is the ideal soul, this the perfect love, this the new, complete, and consummate chapter of experience, and thus to go swishing up—up—like a skyrocket, only after an instant and a shower of sparks, to come tumbling back to earth again and the darkness of disillusion! It is possible, perhaps, to regard her innumerable loves as proof of splendor of spirit; of an idealism which nothing could vanquish and nothing satisfy, because nothing was perfect enough. But it would be easier to do so had the temporary objects on which she pinned her dreams oftener been chosen in her personality as the Great Isadora, so to say, and not so often been the flimsy esthetes who might naturally have drifted into her orbit as a lesser member of her Clan.

Were Isadora as great a writer as she was a dancer, the irony and pathos of these recurring raptures and disillusions might, of course, be made more clear. The psychological background of each adventure, that which made it, in its particular moment, persuasive and real, might be more warmly filled in, the transitions less abrupt and meaningless. As it is, one can not follow this aimless Peergynting about Europe without feeling, along with the tragedy both of her personal life and of her career as an artist, a frequent sense of absurdity.

Some such generalizations as these seem called for by the very spaciousness and importance of Isadora Duncan's career, however churlish they may appear as relating to this book itself. The latter, taken just as it comes, is always interesting, unaffected, frank, and touched every now and then with an unexpected humor. It starts at the very beginning, in California, with little Isadora dancing in a baby-jumper on the center-table, and follows down through that extraordinary dancing Odyssey to the moment of her departure for Soviet Russia in the belief that again she was saying goodbye to all that was worn-out and false and entering a new and more perfect world. It is just as well that this final chapter is left out, for in the adventures of this once blithe spirit, which set out to dance through life, and saw it in terms of beauty, there was already tragedy enough.



PHILIP GUEDALLA, English writer and lecturer, trying to solve one of the great American mysteries—i. e. why movie directors insist on dressing like horseback riders.

"A Chiel amang You"

CONQUISTADOR. By PHILIP GUEDALLA. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1928. $3.

Reviewed by BERNARD DE VOTO

LISTING Mr. Guedalla's book on a private bibliography which will probably never lead to the monograph I once intended to publish, I discover that it is well past the hundred and fiftieth item. More than one hundred and fifty discussions of America by visiting Englishmen—after that number the thrill of recognition is what Mr. Watson describes as a conditioned response. I reflect on the endless shelves in Widener where I must yet search out other hundreds, and on the nonexistence of books about England by American men of letters, and on the pleasure I derive from British spelling whenever I see mention of The Covered Waggon.

Long before the bibliography had reached one hundred and fifty, it was apparent that the genus comprised two species and that the type-specimens had been composed by Charles Dickens and Hepworth Dixon. "Conquistador" belongs to the second species—to the expertly journalistic books which announce the necessary imperfection of a three months' study of a continent and then, maintaining good nature, discover from page to page that much may be accomplished in three months. Such books exhibit more amenity than those of the Dickens tradition, but anger from Gad's Hill is rather more entertaining.

Mr. Guedalla, a historian, believes that the Indians who greeted Columbus were Sioux. He suffered a really dreadful reception at the hands of the Indiana Legislature, which required both him and Mrs. Guedalla to address it. Somewhere near Los Angeles a patriot pointed out to him the vices of the British Empire, at dinner, but, thank God, across the border from Laredo there were tanned men of the bulldog breed bearing their burden. As a lecturer he feels sympathetically superior to the Swedish prince and is distressed by the Queen of Rumania's endorsements of cosmetics. He refuses to describe Niagara: so did Hepworth Dixon, in forty pages, and some ninety others. Is there, after all, something about Niagara?

Nearly anything, the tradition holds, will suffice for a book about America. Mr. Guedalla is not the first, by a hundred years, to offer his notebook instead of a decently constructed effort. Well, that is good journalism, and the fragmentary, unrelated impressions that attend the method may well be the most truthful way of reporting a three months' observation. A few pages of "Conquistador" are worth the reading—those that deal justly with a young American genius who has publicly explained why he must live and write in France, those that gently explain the difference between sending the Guards to Shanghai and sending the Marines to Nicaragua, those that comment on the Southern gentleman, and those that touch upon the Broadway Temple. Mr. Guedalla gets nearer New York than Mr. Ford did, by discovering that it is the only metropolis in the world with a peasant population. Of course, there is the rhetoric that we associate with him ". . . Metz in the still autumn days that watched Bazaine between the dripping trees, as the leaves fell and the last eagles of the Empire drooped miserably towards surrender." And it is informing to learn not only that America is, fundamentally, a fad of the British, but also that England's true cosmic function has been the destruction of world empires—ominously, since we prepare to understudy that Cæsar whom she sent to Doorn.

Hindu mystics attain an understanding of God's will by endlessly repeating a dull, monotonous act. After reading more than one hundred and fifty books about America by Englishmen, while the list moves on toward its first thousand, may I not be competent to reveal one divine intention? Certainly God commands some American novelist or critic to write a book about England. I can't make out just whom the nomination falls on. My preference would be either George Jean Nathan or Thomas Beer. But perhaps Omniscience has selected Sinclair Lewis.

Oriental Poets

LOTUS AND CHRYSANTHEMUM: An Anthology of Chinese and Japanese Poetry. Selected and edited by JOSEPH LEWIS FRENCH. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1927. $7.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

AN experienced reader probably grants, to start with, that all translations of poetry are necessarily vain and futile things—and then he proceeds to examine with intense curiosity every translation that gives him even the faintest hope of glimpses into an unknown language and an unfamiliar world.

That the poetry of Japan and China can ever be fully conveyed to western readers is doubtless impossible. The reason for this is not far to seek; it is accurately expressed in the words of Miss Judith Gautier, which Mr. French wisely quotes in the notes to this volume:

> A charming and original effect, a quality possessed only by Chinese poetry, results from the ideographic nature of the characters; one gets a definite impression from the appearance of the writing, and an unexpected vision of the whole poem. The flowers, the forests, the streams, and the moonlight, all these present themselves before one has commenced to read. For example, in the poem of Li-Tai-Pe, "Good Fortune on the High-road," the effect at first glance is of prancing horses, and before knowing what he will say, one seems to see the poet riding among flowers.

In other words, the pictorial quality of the ideographs is an essential part of the written poem; and there must therefore be, for the instructed, a quality in Chinese poetry not so very different from the combination of word and picture that is to be found in the self-illustrated poems of William Blake. Against such a problem as this, the translator stubs his toe in vain.

There is another difficulty, growing out of the nature of Chinese poetic thought. Mr. Witter Bynner, who has worked much in this field along with his collaborator Mr. Kiang Kang-hu, confessed to me recently that all his translations of classical Chinese poetry made him unhappy.

> I know (he said) that there is in the finest poetry of Asia a beauty far surpassing the poetry of Europe; I feel it just as distinctly as you feel the matchless beauty of the great Chinese paintings; but, try though I may, I ap-

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parently cannot put into English words the thing I feel—the thing that is unmistakably to be found in the work of the greater Chinese poets. English and American poetry seems to me child's-play compared with the severe beauty of the Chinese—the abstention from superfluous comment, the hard selectiveness—and, mind you, all this done in perfectly colloquial language, which somehow achieves the beauty of frozen jade. How can we put that into the soft English tongue? It seems impossible.

The extreme condensation of Chinese and Japanese poetry, its hard factual quality, is completely alien to the greater richness of emotional comment which is part of the European poetic tradition. This can be illustrated by the following short poem, which has been put into English by Mr. Arthur Waley, the most learned and the most poetical of all the translators.

The Little Lady of Ch'ing-Hsi

Her door opened on the white water
Close by the side of the timber bridge:
That's where the little lady lived
All alone without a lover.

One is obliged to speculate in vain as to what connotations that poem may have in the original. Certainly in English it is a barren fig-tree.

The volume which Mr. French has compiled is, however, by no means a vain essay. It gives to us ignorant westerners a glimpse of something that we are very eager to have. If one cannot go to the circus oneself, one is extremely glad to hear big brother's account of the marvels within the big tent. Mr. Arthur Waley is so obviously the one and only big brother, in this case, that several other of the included translators seem to shrink to insignificance. The learned Dr. Giles, important though his services were in the cause of philology, is very small potatoes when it comes to the problem of translating poetry; and the Ayscough-Lowell combination, and Mr. Cranmer-Byng, and Mr. Ezra Pound are little better. It is a perilous game, my masters, this game of recreating Chinese and Japanese poetry. It requires a Fitzgerald; and another Fitzgerald has not yet been born.

How one would like to be free to enter this world! Mr. Waley gives one a glimpse of it sometimes.

SAILING HOMEWARD

By Chan Fang-Sheng (Fourth Century A. D.)

Cliffs that rise a thousand feet
Without a break,
Lake that stretches a hundred miles
Without a wave,
Sands that are white through all the year,
Without a stain,
Pine-tree woods, winter and summer
Ever-green,
Streams that forever flow and flow
Without a pause,
Trees that for twenty thousand years
Your vows have kept,
You have suddenly healed the pain of a traveller's heart,
And moved his brush to write a new song.

And in the work of Mr. Bynner and Mr. Kiang one finds such passages as this:

MY RETREAT AT CHUNG-MAN

By Wang Wei

My heart in middle age has found the way,
And I have come to dwell at the foot of this mountain.
When the spirit moves, I wander alone
Where beauty is known only to me.
I will walk till the water checks my path,
Then sit and watch the rising clouds,
And some day meet an old woodcutter,
And talk and laugh, and never return.

In such poems as these the attentive reader may find the mark of that grandiose simplicity which is apparently one of the characteristics of classical Chinese poetry. Perhaps Wordsworth is the only European poet who has achieved, in a few passages, an effect something like these deceptively naive lines, where Nature is used as a vehicle to convey haunting intimations of man's spirit in life and in death. The western poet usually expressly defines emotion; but the Chinese or Japanese poet suggests, sharply and coldly, the edge from which emotion takes its dizzy leap. That which is left unsaid is the most important part of the poem. Mr. Bynner thus translates a short poem:

Twilight is passing the lady's silken window.
She weeps alone in her golden chamber.
Spring is leaving her garden desolate.
A drift of petals closes her door.

Is this too condensed, too severely bare a style for our western taste? It is just possible that, as the number of good translations from Chinese and Japanese poetry increases, we shall be obliged to extend our sympathies to this alien region, and to count it as much a part of our spiritual heritage as we now do the poetry of Greece.

The Bowling Green

ONCE or twice a winter it happens to me to pass through New Haven on a train, and I am always impressed by the number of fine bulky coonskin coats that enter the smoking car at that station. Inside these furry cocoons are young men whose general air of having solved life's problems may only be a genial masquerade, yet is assured enough to cause a faint twinge in a senior spectator. Just how to analyze the components of that twinge is a nice question. Is it envy, is it amusement, is it indignation? And in this complex of thought there is also always an arrear of wonder whether or how the fathers of these cheerful larvæ can afford to pay for so much raccoon peltry.

But anyhow, dismounting onto the New Haven platform for a breath of air, I observed particularly three of the cocoons, more particularly because (it was soon before Christmas) one of them carried a copy of the December BOOKMAN; and this surprised me because in my experience coonskin coats are more likely to be reading the COSMO. I pondered on this a while, offering myself various rationalizations of the paradox. It must be remembered (I said to myself) that Billy Phelps is said to have made literature popular at Yale; perhaps this is an evidence of it. Or it may be (I argued) that the BOOKMAN's new editor has in some way retinctured the magazine, injecting into it some ruddy hormone secretions that appeal to the realistic boulimia of undergraduates. So naively does a wondering student endeavor to account to himself for the phenomena he encounters. But all this which I now laboriously set down occupied only a twinkling of the mind; I abandoned the speculation and returned to Dr. Holmes's AUTOCRAT which I had found for a quarter on Mr. Liggett's jetsam counters in the Grand Central Drug Store. And yet, in the tender inward of my mind, there was something that bothered me, some delicate incongruity unresolved. I felt that there was some lack of propriety about that conjunction of the BOOKMAN and the coonskins.

* * *

I supposed that the episode was finished; but arrived at Springfield, where I had to change, there was time to have one's shoes shined. It was my adventure that day to visit Miss Dodd's pleasing bookshop at Northampton: I was hoping that Miss Dodd and I would have our annual stroll together around the Smith College campus; and certainly on such an expedition it was my ambition to arrive with well-burnished gear. But when I approached the shoeshining alcove in that palatial new Springfield station, there occupying all the available thrones were the same three coonskins, and the copy of the BOOKMAN.

I waited until they were through, though perhaps a trifle anxiously—there was really plenty of time, but I am always one of those who like to be aboard in good season. When they abdicated and I succeeded I noticed for the first time that they also seemed to have spotted something about me that struck them as odd. I wonder if I had looked too persistently at their BOOKMAN, or what? As I sat being shined I saw them glancing covertly in my direction. But again the moment passed.

* * *

Now you may know, if you have travelled on the Boston and Maine, at what a temperature they keep their smoking cars. Unless immediately palsied and stupefied by that hot swooning air, one discards one's wraps. So, as the train rolled along towards Holyoke, I saw without amazement a pleasant young man come down the aisle without coat and hat. I was surprised however when in the most agreeable way he said, "Excuse me, but would you mind settling a bet?" "Such as what?" replied the cautious voyager. "Well," he said, "I said that you were Mr. M——, but my friend said no; he said you don't look a bit like that picture in the Book of the Month Club advertisements." "It's an ideal bet," I said, "for you're both right."

We had a very pleasant chat, and he introduced me to two companions of his; like myself, they were bound for Northampton, which gave us a bond of union at once; though they admitted, if I remember rightly, that they go there every Friday, which seemed to me almost an excess of enthusiasm. And then, the talk having got onto literary matters, I told them of the three coonskins I had seen on the previous train; and of the copy of the BOOKMAN which had seemed somehow inappropriate to its luxuriously furry surroundings. They shouted with mirth, and then I realized that these were the same three—unpelted, unscarved, unhatted, I hadn't recognized them.

They were looking humorously at each other. "You were quite right," said one of them. "I was the fellow with the *Bookman*. And these aren't our coats at all; we just borrowed them to go up to Smith."

It's an evidence, I suppose, of the deep detective instinct that lurks in everyone's mind if he will only encourage it.

We enjoyed a little palaver together; I remember telling them that my favorite magazine is *Variety;* and we agreed to meet again on the late train that goes back to Springfield. But I feel badly about that, because when the time came that train was an hour or so late on account of floods; and I missed them, because I had an opportunity to get back another way.

It occurred to me, thinking about this afterward, that there is a pleasant illustration of the fact that I was born in a different century from theirs. This could only happen to one brought up not later than the golden nineties. I was driving the old coop the other day when a vagrant newspaper, blown by the wind, suddenly scudded across the road right under the front wheels. Instantly, instinctively, I tightened on the wheel, and heard myself saying inwardly, "Good Lord, now she's going to shy her head off." I don't believe anyone born in this century ever behaves like that.

* * *

I am told that the problem of finding a suitable site for Jo Davidson's statue of Walt Whitman is in the hands of a committee of the Authors' Club. I have also heard that the city having rejected the committee's proposal to place the statue in Battery Park, there has been some talk of putting it in Bryant Park, behind the Public Library. I think this would be a pity. The 42nd Street neighborhood has no Whitman associations, and it would be too comic to put just there the likeness of one who was fond of ejaculating, "Henceforth I am done with libraries, indoor complaints, querulous criticisms."

If, as we are often assured, the old Post Office just below the City Hall is presently to be demolished, and that space left open, surely there would be the perfect place for the memorial. Walt, striding along with hat in hand and his beard blowing in the breeze, would there be looking down the vista of the Broadway he loved. Mr. Davidson's statue (which exists so far only in a very spirited and masculine sketch in clay) will represent the Whitman of the open road, "afoot and light-hearted," and surely belongs as near as possible to the Broadway on whose "trottoirs" he found so much exhilaration.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

"Strange Interlude"

(*Continued from page* 641)

reads. Yet this loose girdled writing makes fiction the most wordy of all the literary arts.

Mr. O'Neill is as incapable of resisting temptation as the novelists he follows. His drama ends shortly after the dinner intermission which breaks his lengthy play. Then the heroine gathers all her men about her, each representing a function of her need, and all content. High tragedy has been resolved into high comedy and can go no further, an equilibrium has been reached. But the play goes on.

Mr. O'Neill has more story if no more drama; he has half a lifetime for his characters ahead, and, like the novelists, he can and will tell more; the unexpended years and his fire-new method of double speaking alike tempt him onward. His drama is ended—but he talks on. His play, like fiction, cannot stop short of marriage and the edge of the grave.

And yet few more interesting and genuinely dramatic plays than the first two-thirds of "Strange Interlude" have been presented in our time. If the drama has but just caught up with the novel, this heat, at least, it has won, and is likely to speed further in playing what before could only be read. Soon we may expect the autobiographical drama, to follow the autobiographical novel, staged as a moving-picture series of incidents and dramatized by the personality of a single articulate actor. After "Strange Interlude,"* much seems possible.

* "Strange Interlude" has just been published in book form by Boni & Liveright.

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Books of Special Interest

Two Plays

LOUD SPEAKER. By JOHN HOWARD LAWSON. New York: The Macaulay Company. 1927. $2.

EARTH. By EM JO BASSHE. The same.

Reviewed by JANE DRANSFIELD

WHEN the New Playwrights' Theatre, of which Mr. Lawson is a Playwright-Director, put on "Loud Speaker" late last spring as their opening bill, it must have been with the same realization that the Guild had expressed about "Processional," that some would like it very much, and some would not like it at all. Unfortunately, being abroad, I missed its production on the stage, but I understand that it roused a controversy almost equally clamorous with that stirred up by the earlier play. Now reading "Loud Speaker" as just published, I find myself as in regard to his earlier play again on the "yes" side toward Mr. Lawson. I like "Loud Speaker" exceedingly, but for entirely different reasons from those which inclined me toward "Processional," which had appealed to me for its sweep of vision, its emotional intensity, and the poetic beauty of its writing. I like "Loud Speaker" because it is an unemotional fling of the intellect, the writing epigrammatic, staccato, nervous, a boisterous extravaganza, the meaninglessness of the whole comprising its meaning. It reveals Mr. Lawson in an entirely new light, that of a detached satirist, employing, as did Molière, the broadest stage buffoonery of burlesque and farce to convey his criticism. In action and plot it is a conglomeration of everything under the sun from our modern stage and from our tabloids, acting as itself a "loud-speaker" which amplifies the jazziness of the times to such enormous proportions that even the deaf must hear. In it Mr. Lawson turns the laugh, as it were, even upon himself, upon those very theatre "isms," constructivism, expressionism, and so forth, of which he has hitherto been considered the serious exponent, but which here he uses to the limit of absurdity. One believes in a writer who can thus occasionally laugh at himself.

In his introduction to the play Mr. Joseph Wood Krutch says of the characterization:

> "Loud Speaker" is probably the first American play to take complete advantage of the fact that certain characters like the flapper and the politician have reached the point where they may be successfully used as puppets. Mr. Lawson's characters are not in the ordinary sense of the word characters at all. The politician, the reporter, the flapper and the vamp are divested of all possible significance, and reduced to the status of mere stock characters, appearing before us as simple zanies. Curiously enough the result is something which might not inappropriately be called an American example of the *Commedia dell'arte*.

Here Mr. Krutch adumbrates a quality that is constantly becoming more evident in Mr. Lawson's work, namely, its theatricality. This is not spoken in derogation, quite the contrary. Mr. Lawson is essentially a man of the theatre, and he is working to develop a form that while it shall embody revolutionary qualities, nevertheless shall be as effective on the stage as the old and tested forms. As this play, and also his last play, "Internationale," testify, he is feeling his way to this fixity of form through stylization. Theme, plot, characters are for the time being made subservient to the development of his technique along this line, and probably will be until Mr. Lawson has worked out his own artistic salvation to his satisfaction. When this happens, when he has found the form which satisfies him as the mold into which to pour his dramatic conceptions, his power of saying effectively upon the stage what he wishes to say will be unassailable. Meanwhile with keen interest we watch, and we enjoy his experiments.

"Earth," by Em Jo Basshe, also a member of the New Playwrights' group, is in complete contrast to Mr. Lawson's burlesque, with which it alternated in production last spring. An insurgent in the theatre as is Mr. Lawson, the author of "Adam Solitaire" which mystified even the audiences of the Provincetown, and of the recently produced "Centuries," Mr. Basshe is also feeling his way along revolutionary lines. In "Earth," however, he uses the expressionistic form with which, ever since Kaiser's "From Morn To Midnight," we have been familiar, employing seven scenes without division into acts. Poetic in mood, pictorial in scenic qualities, against a vivid background of the negro's superstition and illogic, of Voodooism and primitive savagery, the play tells a dramatic tale, often profoundly moving, of religious fanaticism in a community of Southern negroes in the period at about 1880. Its theme is the struggle between the "earth" instincts of the dark skinned race and superimposed Christianity.

It is not a *genre* study of the southern Negro of a defined *locale* such as Paul Green gives in his plays, although there is truth to negro psychology in the portrayal. Deborah, its central character, is not so much a black woman apostate from a superimposed white man's religion, as she is a tragic soul, regardless of color, seeking to penetrate the unsearchable ways of the being its elects to call God. The action takes place, not in a recognizable southern region, but in a poet's mind, building for the theatre. Many of the passages are of passionate beauty, and many of the scenes rise into vivid intensity. Mr. Basshe writes with telling power, his feeling for character giving him a bend toward realism. This realism, however, is in the service of an innate idealism, so that whatever particular symbols he uses, as here the negro character, take on an aspect of universality.

On War

PEACE OR WAR? By J. M. KENWORTHY. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1927. $2.50.

PROPAGANDA TECHNIQUE IN THE WORLD WAR. By HAROLD D. LASSWELL. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1927. $5.

Reviewed by JOHN BAKELESS

Author of "The Origin of the Next War"

THE literature of war suffers from several shortcomings which, though they are not peculiarly its own, seem always in it to appear at their very worst. As in all subjects that attract many who are not professional writers, the quality of the writing is likely to be rough and uneven. As in much literature dealing with a subject that deeply stirs the author's emotions, the tone is likely to be a little shrill. And as is always the case when there is anything to attract the lunatic fringe, the intensity of the author's feeling is likely to exceed his knowledge.

The first of these criticisms applies about equally to Lieut.-Commander Kenworthy's "Peace or War?" and to Professor Laswell's book on "Propaganda Technique." But the two other faults that one naturally expects in such books as theirs are agreeably lacking in both. This is the more surprising since both write from an obviously pacifist standpoint—and there is no one, for belligerent shrillness and ignorance of the facts in the case to match your thorough-going pacifist.

Naval officer and war veteran though he is, Commander Kenworthy views the institution of war as an unmitigated evil and wholly avoids the apologetic attitude that one might expect. The palliatives ordinarily proposed—limitation of armaments, regional understandings, arbitration treaties, and intervention by the League—he holds quite useless. Nothing seems to him an adequate safeguard against that new war toward which he believes civilization is drifting, save complete disavowal of the pretense that war ever can be legitimate and its abandonment as a recognized means of policy by all civilized nations. He is, however, apparently willing to admit the need of small forces for purely police purposes.

This is, of course, precisely the position of that little band of serious thinkers who in America have bestowed on themselves the unlovely title of "outlawrists." Commander Kenworthy writes with a far more intimate and extensive knowledge of international realities than do most of them; but it is painfully apparent that, like his fellows, he has no definite and workable plan for bringing his Utopian ideals to fruition.

"Peace or War?" is remarkable for the range and general accuracy of its information and for the author's success in making his somewhat grim subject good reading all the way. The most startling chapters are those in which he roughly tears apart the clouds of pleasant words that ordinarily cloak the realities of Anglo-American relations. Fully recognizing that the future of world peace is in the hands of the two great English-speaking nations, he indulges in none of the ordinary banalities. Instead, he says plainly that "in the present state of world opinion about war as a legal measure, it would be foolish to rely on sentiment alone to keep the peace for ever between the British Empire and the United States of America," and he spends an entire chapter showing "Why an Anglo-American War is Possible." Nay more, he even maps out the general course of such a struggle and suggests that public opinion is quite probably, though not intentionally, being prepared for it.

As for the strategy of this disastrous but perfectly possible conflict, he believes neither power could at first invade the other. Canada might have to abandon the Empire to avoid conquest. On the other hand, American trade would be swept from the seas, the Philippines would probably be taken, New York would be shelled and possibly gassed by submarine raiders. If Canada joined the fighting, the invasion of the United States might be feasible. Curiously enough, Commander Kenworthy does not dwell on the immense advantages, to any enemy of this country, of establishing a Mexican alliance.

In his "Propaganda Technique in the World War," Professor Lasswell provides an admirable example of the coldly lucid, critically clear scholar; and though coldness is not invariably a scholarly virtue, it becomes one in treating a subject which so frequently tempts to injudicial heat. Propaganda, as he describes it, is the civilized equivalent of the war dance, "one of the most powerful instrumentalities in the modern world. It has arisen to its present eminence in response to a complex of changed circumstances which have altered the nature of society." And he adds sadly, "Propaganda is a concession to the wilfulness of the age." He surveys impartially the methods employed both by the Allies and by their enemies, the abused Creel press bureau emerging fairly creditably from the discussion, though Professor Lasswell does not fail to draw on the most ill-natured German studies of American propaganda.

Woodrow Wilson he presents as the supreme propagandist, though he admits that "just how much of Wilsonism was rhetorical exhibitionism and how much was the sound fruit of sober reflection will be in debate until the World War is a feeble memory. From a propaganda point of view it was a matchless performance, for Wilson brewed the subtle poison, which industrious men injected into the veins of a staggering people, until the smashing powers of the Allied armies knocked them into submission. While he fomented discord abroad, Wilson fostered unity at home."

The Brontës

THE BRONTE SISTERS. By ERNEST DIMNET. Translated from the French by Louise Morgan Sill. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by CHAUNCEY B. TINKER

Yale University

MONSIEUR DIMNET'S charming book, "Les Sœurs Brontë" has been familiar to serious students of English fiction for nearly two decades. It is now translated—and well translated—for the benefit of those who cannot or will not read it in the original tongue. There have been many books about the three passionate sisters of the Yorkshire Moors, among which M. Dimnet's has held no mean rank. Its chief importance consists not in the new facts added to the biography of the family, but in the critical view of a Frenchman who knows the subtle combination of the sane and the sympathetic which characterizes the critical writing of his nation. British criticism is always likely to be personal, centrifugal, abhorrent of principles, measure and restraint. M. Dimnet has these qualities; and any reader who fails to acquaint himself with their application to the story of the Brontës is depriving himself of a pleasure and of something more than a pleasure.

The appendix to the book appears here for the first time. It contains Charlotte Brontë's four letters to M. Héger written in 1844-45, which were discovered in the year 1913, and first printed in the London *Times*. Many will recall the discussion which arose and continued—stormily—until the war put an end to all literary criticism. The question at issue was whether Charlotte Brontë had been at one time in love with her "Professor," M. Héger. It is interesting to have M. Dimnet's final word on this subject: "Everything is said when it is recalled that, as everybody agrees, Charlotte Brontë was as pure as she was impassioned." To this the present writer will merely add his conviction that, whenever one of the Brontës was about, passion of some sort and in some quarter was certain to be engendered.

These Rustic Figures Caught

ENGLAND RECLAIMED: A Book of Eclogues. By OSBERT SITWELL. New York: Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

OF the three Sitwells Osbert's best work heretofore seems to me to have been embodied in the prose of "Triple Fugue." As a poet his sister Edith (to whom the present volume is beautifully dedicated) has excelled her two brothers, various and original as their poetry has been. But with "England Reclaimed" Osbert Sitwell suddenly comes to the fore in the friendly family tourney and has, indeed, produced a happily-linked series of poems unusual among most of the verse of our time,—unusual in richness of fabric, sensitiveness of deep feeling mellowed by humor, and in precision of recollection fused with imagination.

At his best heretofore in more satirical verse, he has here greatly increased his range. This is a book of rustic and pastoral poems, the first of an intended trilogy of which the second is to deal with the country town, the third with "the cosmopolitan life of the cities." The writer "aims at recording a broad panorama, essentially English . . . which seems now, by force of circumstance, to be slipping away from us into the past." It is upon the past, upon memories from childhood, that he draws for the homely and yet fascinating characters portrayed in "England Reclaimed." We have Mr. and Mrs. Hague, Mary-Anne, Mr. and Mrs. Nutch, Moping Fred, Mr. and Mrs. Goodbeare, Mr. and Mrs. Southern, Phoebe Southern, and the Kembleys. In the Grand Finale the theme appropriate to each recurs woven into a symphony. Throughout, the English landscape persists, freshly and exquisitely described. Against the landscape, in the estate of their lifelong occupations, in and out of their various dwellings, move gardener, carpenter, market gardener, the presiding genius of the orchards and the gamekeeper,—together with their wives and several children of pathos, "Moping Fred," in whose poem "The Survival of the Fittest" lurks such masterly irony, and Phoebe Southern, romantic dreamer "of trumpets under trees, in an unimaginable blaze of glory" sustaining an unhappy human passion. I confess complete enthusiasm for a number of passages in this book. I shall never, so long as I live, forget the indelible Mr. Goodbeare.

Oh, do you remember, do you remember,
As I remember and deplore,
That day in drear and far-away December
When dear, godfearing, bearded Mr. Goodbeare
Could remember
No more?

It is meet and right that this, somehow the most sympathetic of all the poems, should also be one of the most humorous. Surveying the hidden dramas and dreams of apparently ordinary lives Mr. Sitwell distils their fantastic essence, that blend of comedy and tragedy the full recognition of which bespeaks ripe wisdom. In his "Portrait of Mr. Southern through the ages" and his discussion of memorable physiognomies he is richly meditative. Mrs. Kembley, waiting at evening on the hill, he makes, with unobtrusive art, the most significant part of a landscape. In fact he does such various things in this volume, with a pliant and unusually melodic line and a wide range of sensitive feeling, that the book absorbed me. It creates its own atmosphere. The illusion is upon you that your own mind holds also these memories. That is an unusual achievement.

Not soon will the enchantment of Mary-Anne's "patchwork pavilion" leave me; not soon shall I forget Mr. Nutch chasing the boys in the orchard, Mr. Goodbeare's parlor, Mrs. Southern warring against the triumphant dust or her ideas upon "Workmanship"—"Just like the dimples in a baby's knuckle,"—nor indeed the delicious Sisyphean labors of Mr. Southern's pronunciation. Fade not too soon, oh lovely fore-doomed phantom of Phoebe Southern, "Her voice carrying always, even in its laughter, the upward-speeding, arrow-angle of a question!" Luke Kembley, remain my Autumn! This is beautiful work brilliant in phrase, work of which to be fitly proud, in these portraits of

the English Dead,
Not slain in battle, in no sense sublime
These rustic figures caught at last by Time.

I leave to the reader the enjoyment of the book as a whole. The mind that cannot enjoy it must be dull indeed.

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Books of Special Interest

The Uses of Thought

THOUGHT AND THE BRAIN. By HENRI PIÉRON. Translated by C. K. OGDEN. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1927. $4.

Reviewed by ROBERT M. YERKES
Yale University

WHO of us, layman or neurologist, is not eager for knowledge of the nature and uses of thought and its relations to the nervous system, and who would not welcome an authoritative, intelligible, and readable book on the subject? Professor Piéron's exposition will richly repay critical reading and rereading by specialists in psychology, neurology, physiology, and brain surgery; but the lay searcher for general information and understanding concerning thought, the brain, and their relations, is doomed to disappointment unless he is prepared for an intricate subject and a somewhat difficult style.

Lacking the courage to write of this technical work at once for layman and specialist we have chosen to ignore the latter. For him the original text should be more valuable than Ogden's translation or this review. To the layman who presses the question, Should I read it? we must reply, "If you can do so with pleasure and profit, yes, and also congratulations: it is not a popular discussion." Reasonably reliable and authoritative the volume appears to be, but in the French, and also in the English, needlessly difficult to read unless one happens to be steeped in functional neurology and psychology.

The immediate excuse for this gathering together of neurological information is the unique observational material contributed by surgery during the World War. As the author says, "No mean body of knowledge is now at our disposal as to the functioning of the human nervous system." But "very erroneous ideas are certainly still prevalent in these branches of science, especially as regards psycho-physiology among those who study the brain, and as regards 'cerebrology' among those who are concerned with psychological analysis. And to these false ideas are due the disagreement and contradiction on questions relating to cerebral function which seem so flagrant at the present time."

Following a brief general account of neuro-mental functioning of the nervous system and two summary chapters, the one on nervous functioning and the brain and the other on mental functioning and the brain, Piéron plunges into the assemblage of difficult problems of localization and specialization. In turn, various types of brain center and of mental process connected with the functioning thereof are considered. Naturally several chapters are devoted to the receptive and incito-motor functions, or, in the older terminology, to sensory experiences and their various functional expressions. Visual reception is considered at length because of its peculiar importance and the relative abundance of observations, but perceptual processes and associated reflexes also claim attention, and the author gives a problem-suggesting if not an informationally-satisfying exposition. To the general reader who can master this volume doubtless the most interesting if not also the most valuable parts will be those on the "verbal function and thought" and on "the affective regulation of mental life."

As one studies Piéron's systematized and simplified observational data on cerebral and mental processes, one is increasingly impressed by the complexity and variability of the phenomena and their relations. Evidently no simple scheme can adequately represent the facts. Brain functions are analyzable and within limits specialization undoubtedly exists, but it is clear that different parts of the brain, and indeed of the whole nervous system, are significantly adaptable and sometimes capable of vicarious functioning. Perhaps even normally they as it were lend a hand, and regularly, when necessity arises, tend to assume the rôle of, or at least function of, any missing or incapacitated part. There are even, it would seem, primary and secondary rôles or functions. This greatly complicates the task of the investigator, as do also many other peculiarities of the physiology of the nervous system.

Direct experiments on the functions of the human brain are rarely possible, although accidents, especially in war, and brain operations frequently afford observational opportunity and occasionally also chances for experimental inquiry. It is, we suspect, inevitable that progress in knowledge of brain functions and their relations to experience should go forward primarily through the study of other animals.

Of the image versus the sensation in brain functioning, Piéron writes:

> The specific neurones necessary for sensation are also necessary for the associative reawakening of that sensation, which is called the image —a dynamic process and not a photographic negative resting miraculously in the nervous substance, where some subtle spirit might go to consult it.
>
> But these are probably not sufficient; an impulse of peripheral origin, operating certain notes of the keyboard formed by the specific neurones, could not by this act alone produce a sensation, which is a psychical phenomenon; this results from an excitation of the associative area by the specific connecting neurones, reception begins at the level of the calcarine area with its rich and varied group of cells, but is completed in wide and numerous circuits.

Piéron thus prepares the way for his examination of the data of linguistic or verbal disturbances and their neurological relations Are there verbal blindnesses, verbal deafnesses, aphemias, and agraphias? What is the effect of these disorders on thought? How are they inter-related? Can they exist in a pure state, either at the outset or as the result of a general disturbance? These are questions which must be considered without prejudice and without theoretical controversy, before we discuss the problem of mechanisms or the points in which current notions require correction. We will therefore examine the facts first from the point of view of the four forms of aphasia distinguished in Charcot's theory, and then from that of complex aphasia, in their relation to thought.

Language, man's most intricate system of responses for the expression of feeling and thought, offers many and extraordinarily puzzling types of disturbance in association with brain destruction or disease. For example, "When several languages are spoken, they correspond to distinct keyboards, and —in exceptional cases—may be selectively injured. Generally it is the least automatic which, in ordinary lesions, are the first to be impaired in their functioning."

And in description and explanation of aphasia—inability to comprehend language:

> If the lesion specially affects the area of the ascending convolutions we get verbal aphasia: the patient has difficulty in finding the verbal forms necessary for the expression of his thought. If the temporal lobe is particularly affected, the result is jargonophasia and syntactic aphasia. Finally, a lesion situated between the post-central fissure and the occipital lobe disturbs the appreciation of signification: when it is only a matter of verbal signification (nominal aphasia) it is the use of words that is impaired; when the general signification is more disturbed (semantic aphasia) the comprehension of logical conceptions is lacking. . . .
>
> What, in any case, particularly emerges from this whole group of studies is the relation of an injury to a limited temporo-parieto-occipital area, in the left brain, with disturbances of nominal or semantic comprehension, that is to say with the most characteristic disturbance of symbolic thought, which in man, the speaker, is essentially verbal thought.
>
> Experiments on aphasics open the way to a finer analysis—psychological and cerebrological —of symbolic thought, thanks to the initiative of Head, the value of which cannot be too strongly emphasized.

Discouraged by the intricacies and ambiguities of the English text we occasionally turned to the original for comfort. Usually in such cases we discovered that the responsibility for our difficulties rested with Piéron. Nevertheless, we cannot wholly forgive the translator for preserving so perfectly the infelicities of the original. Even more difficult is it to forgive the careless proofreading, or was it manuscript preparation, of "Thought and the Brain." Yet despite the imperfections of the English version we are extremely grateful to the translator for the undertaking and execution of a difficult task, and we earnestly hope that thousands of English-speaking readers can and will read the volume with profit. In our opinion its value would have been considerably enhanced by a glossary.

The third volume of the exhaustive study of the career of Dupleix which Alfred Martineau has been writing over a period of years has just made its appearance. "Dupleix et l'Inde Française" (Société des Editions Géographiques Maritimes et Coloniales) covers the years 1749-1754. Its scope is limited to the Carnatic, a concluding volume being designed to deal with the exploits of Bussy in the Deccan and with Dupleix's life after his return to France.

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Foreign Literature

Tragedy and Poetry

MARCELINE DESBORDES-VALMORE: A Life. By STEFAN ZWEIG. Leipzig: Insel-Verlag. 1927.

Reviewed by AMELIA VON ENDE

THAT Stefan Zweig as a subject for a biography chose the woman who has been called the greatest woman poet of France is probably due to the fact that he is keenly sensitive to the suffering of human kind and that the tragedy of the woman affected him as deeply as did the poetry born of it. For the life of Marceline Desbordes-Valmore has no parallel in the biography of famous women for unmitigated cruelty of fate. She seemed to be predestined to be the victim of circumstance throughout her life.

The initial chapter is very properly entitled "Die Verlorene Kindheit" and gives a graphic account of the unheard-of hardships which she had to suffer at an early age. The French Revolution had by its abolition of the aristocracy deprived of employment her father, who was a noted heraldic painter. Out of comfort and ease suddenly plunged into poverty, the mother thought of a relative in Guadaloupe, of whose wealth news had reached them and for two years she and Marceline, her youngest child, traveled throughout the country with theatrical companies in which the girl of twelve danced and sang in order to earn the necessary traveling expenses. The forty days' voyage, the arrival just after the cousin had been killed in a revolt of the negroes, the mother's death from yellow fever, the girl's return on a merchant vessel, the only passenger of her sex on board, these were experiences sufficient, to use an expression of Zweig, "to smother her childhood."

In the following chapter he relates her struggles on the stage. Without being really beautiful, her features had an appealing delicacy and sensitiveness, and suffering having left its imprint, she was chosen to play the rôle of the injured orphan, of innocence pursued, of the love-lorn shepherdess, of a Cinderella—types, as Zweig remarks—then much favored by the art and the drama of the period. Members of the Opéra Comique, hearing her sing in a theatre in Rouen, were struck with her loveliness and her expression and called the attention of the composer Grétry to her unusual personality. Although her voice was hardly strong enough to fill the house, he engaged her. Perhaps it was the memory of his gifted daughter Lucile, who had died at the age of twenty-four, after having composed several operas that were performed in Paris and having been married, that made him open his home to Marceline and call her his "chère fille." Though not spared the pin pricks of jealousy on the part of some members of the company, she won the affection of others by her childlike frankness and simplicity.

⁂

At twenty-one fate dealt her the blow from which she was never to recover. A young Greek actress in the company had become the object of her worshipful friendship, such as often in adolescence precedes love. Whether from jealousy or deviltry, the woman induced her own lover, a poet known to his intimates as "Olivier," to win Marceline's affection, merely to try her. The young girl, suddenly matured, abandoned herself to the passion which he aroused—only to be left by him when her child was born, registered in Paris as "father unknown." The name of this man was never divulged by her.

It is under the stress of this emotional catastrophe, the memory of which ever haunted her, that her tortured soul began to sing. Marceline had had no regular schooling. Her knowledge of the rules of language was scanty and her vocabulary very limited. It was said that the "unknown" had corrected the spelling of the poems written in the first ardor of her awakened passion. But these technical deficiencies of her verse were more than balanced by a genuineness of feeling and a frankness of expression found perhaps only in folk-song. Her poetry owes nothing to imagination; it deals with her experience alone. Her love for her betrayer is the endless source from which her verse flows. It is amazing what variations she builds upon that one theme. Sometimes her song suggests the soft cadences of a whispered monologue, in which she recalls to herself some incident of her love. At other times it bursts forth in outcries of despair. But whatever the mood may be from which they sprung, they always came to her with an ease and a spontaneity, as if they were the direct language of her heart.

Stefan Zweig justly quotes as a gem among poems of this kind "Ma demeure":

My home is up high,
Close to the sky—
The moon in the west
Its pale, solemn guest.

The bell rings below—
What of it now?
Who can it be,
Since it is not he!

Opposite mine
Is waiting a chair.
Once it was thine—
One moment ours.

A ribbon knot
Marks it as thine.
Resigned to its lot—
As I am to mine.

Most remarkable is the fact that Marceline was barely conscious of being a poet, of having accomplished something that differentiated her from other women. She had no conception of what the word "fame" meant. When her poems were hailed with hymns of praise by men like Sainte-Beuve, Victor Hugo, Lamartine, and others, when Balzac panted up the one hundred and thirty steps to her lodging to tender his homage, she was overwhelmed with a sort of wonder that anybody should be interested in her. She never dreamed that posterity would cherish her name.

⁂

The excerpts from her letters show that she did not become self-centered and embittered by her misfortune. Her heart was too big to feel only her own sorrow. She had an infinite compassion for the poor, the lonely, the abandoned, the disinherited of this world. When after years of courtship she yielded to Valmore, an actor in the company whom she had known as a child, and life seemed at last to smile upon her, in spite of the never ceasing struggle with poverty, she deprived herself of necessities to help others. Her family, her friends always appealed to her and never met with a refusal. Zweig points to the fact, that when the company played in Italy, Marceline never, as did Stendhal and others, dwelt in her letters upon the splendor of the palaces and the sensuous atmosphere of the country, but spoke of the many beggars hovering at church doors, of ragged children, of wretched hovels in side streets.

The style of this book is admirably adapted to its subject. Stefan Zweig recreated the very atmosphere in which Marceline lived, the *tempo rubato* which sent her wandering from one place to another. At times he becomes too emotional and rhetorical, as do many German writers who have not yet succumbed to the tendency of ruling sentiment out of art. He piles epithet upon epithet in the urge to convey his feeling to the reader. No doubt the subject lent itself to such treatment. It would be almost inconceivable to write of this life in the rationalistic, matter-of-fact manner of some modern biographers. As a contribution to the history of French poetry and to the literature about woman, the book is of documentary value.

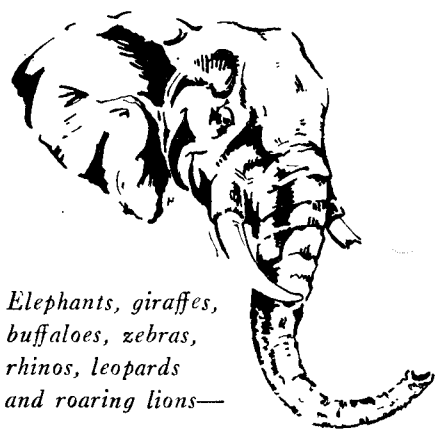
Foreign Notes

THE Hungarian playwright, Franz Molnar, has recently published one of those long short stories which in German countries go by the name of "Novellen" and which, according to accounts, is an admirable work of art. "Die Dampfsäule" (Vienna: Zsolnay) is the account of an adventurer who called himself an army captain, and who through his irrepressible powers of imagination succeeded in persuading himself of his exploits and his standing. The tale marches to its tragic conclusion with certainty and economy of means.

⁂

The Rinascimento del Libro of Florence has recently published two volumes that should be of interest to students of art. Both books are edited by Antonio Maraini, a sculptor and art critic who is the organizer of the International picture exhibition to be held next year. One is a reprint of the life of Michael Angelo by his contemporary, Condivi, and the other is a volume entitled "Goya Incisore," containing reproductions of his etchings.

Following the Johnsons on the Danger Trail



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By ALICE I. HAZELTINE
Columbia University Library

CHILDREN'S libraries are an expression of community responsibility to boys and girls, placing within their reach a means by which they may become increasingly aware of life in its fullest and richest aspects. For the printed page conveys to children, as to us all, much that our own experience and that related to others does not touch or does not fully interpret. The growth of this idea of joint ownership of books for children is an indication of our appreciation of their power for good or for evil in the lives of boys and girls. The mediocre in literature, as in life, has a way of making itself appallingly easy to find. Children's libraries offer an answer to the question of how to make equally or more attractive and accessible the books which children acclaim as "good" whenever they have an opportunity to become acquainted with them, and which also satisfy adults as to their worth.

Library service to children was of comparatively slight importance in the early days of the library history of America. Yet the very fact that some rivalry exists as to which library was the first shows that in more than one place there were those whose vision of book service was comprehensive enough to include the needs of boys and girls.

It was only in the 90's, however, that public libraries, to any number, began to set apart special shelves and special tables and chairs for children. With the turn of the century came a considerable impetus through the establishment by the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh of the first Training School for Children's Librarians under the direction of Miss Frances J. Olcott. About this time also, public libraries showed increasing recognition of special service to children as an educational opportunity, as well as a means of making the use of the library more comfortable for adults. Children's corners, children's rooms, children's departments were multiplied. School libraries were no longer looked upon as mere collections of books, but as book laboratories planned to meet the needs of new curricula and of new methods. From that time until now a steady development may be observed. School libraries have come to be considered necessary to the program of modern schools for children of all ages. Many public library systems now appoint a director or supervisor whose business it is to plan and to supervise all divisions of library work with children. Comfortable and artistic rooms are set apart in school and in library, with furniture built especially for children's bodies, and with adornment planned for esthetic effect. Here boys and girls of all ages come freely to read or to consult books, or to borrow those which they may read at home.

These libraries for children are built upon two ideas,—first, that the art of reading is best fostered through voluntary use of books, and, second, that every child should have the opportunity to find a bit of desired information at the time when he needs it most.

Neither school library nor public library can ever take the place of a child's own bookshelves. Yet very few children have the run of a large enough collection of books so that ample choice is afforded. Development of discriminating taste, a slow growth, can best be furthered by life-long experience in comparison and in choice. Among the books of a collection wisely provided any child may safely browse and learn for himself the best that he is capable of enjoying at any given time. This is far more effective than any effort to induce children to read books that "every child should know."

The past thirty years have been characterized by experiment in library work with children and by the development of certain policies of administration. Nearly every public library reserves a corner, or an attractive room for children's own use. Separate buildings are used in some instances, as in the Toronto Public Library. An unusual and delightful example of a separate children's library is that at Westbury, Long Island. School libraries are just coming to be fully appreciated as an integral part of school life. The next thirty years may reasonably be expected to bring about an even greater growth in book service to children. It is not true that children's libraries with high standards and adequate book collections are to be found everywhere, even in America, where they have been more highly developed than elsewhere. It is probable that we have just begun to appreciate values in voluntary reading, and to understand the recreative value of books in establishing habits of the wise use of leisure.

A generally accepted idea in library work is that the librarian for children should be a specialist, who by reason of endowment of personal characteristics and by virtue of specialized education is able to help children to learn to know the books which are theirs by inheritance and to find the information they most need at any given time. Both in school library and in public library the ideal of children's librarianship is to place personal contact with individual children above all methods and devices. However, in many institutions groups of children come to listen to stories from literature, to attend clubs organized to present programs relating to books and reading, or to learn how to use catalogues and books of reference. Anything which contributes directly to greater appreciation of books and reading may be included in the program of a children's library.

Five library schools now offer special courses in library work with children or in school library work. The Carnegie Library School in Pittsburgh, the School of Library Science at Western Reserve University, the St. Louis Library School, and the School of Library Science at Simmons College all offer work leading to a certificate or to a bachelor's degree. This year, for the first time anywhere, advanced work leading to a Master's degree is being given. This is in the new School of Library Service at Columbia University.

The modern children's library is, then, a twentieth century institution. Its relationship to children's reading and to the production and distribution of children's literature make it one of the most important factors in the education of children.

Reviews

TOLD AGAIN. By WALTER DE LA MARE. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1927.

Reviewed by LEE WILSON DODD

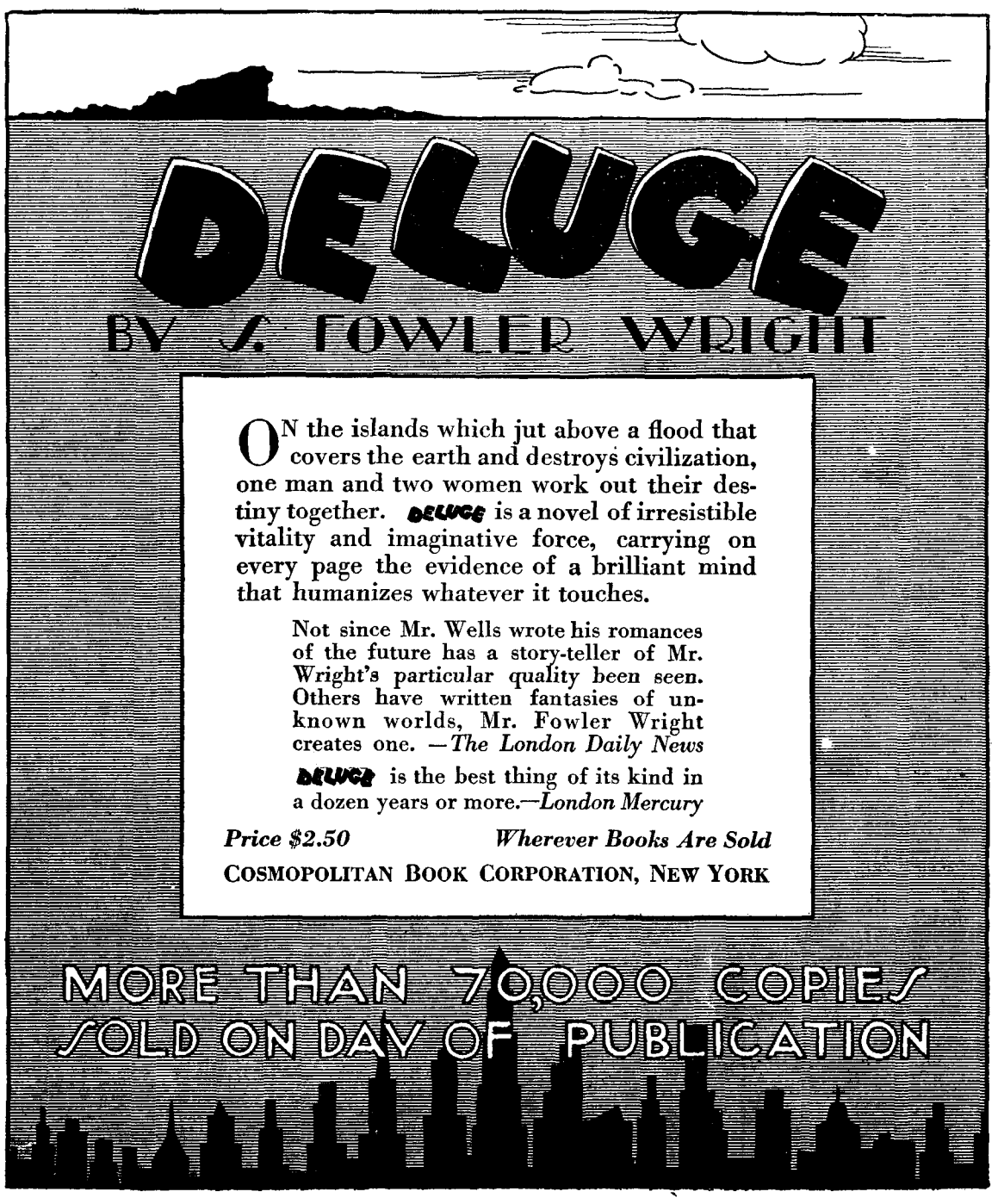
IN this handsomely contoured and amusingly illustrated volume, I believe the parents of younger children will discover something they have long looked for and, perhaps, despaired of finding. They will find there a score of the famous old fairy-stories and folk-tales "told again," as only a poet (whose Fairy Godmother presented him at birth with an invincible key to Fairy Land) could tell them. Here, at last, are the histories of Cinderella, of Little Red Riding Hood, of Sleeping Beauty, set forth simply, imaginatively, in terse, rhythmical English embellished with many an odd endearing quip of humor. With his perfect literary tact Mr. de la Mare has resisted the temptation to even elaborate these stories; he found them simple, though permanent things and left them so. But while, in our customary printed version, these tales are simple, thought-powered narratives, they are usually written in a stodgy, heavy-quoted prose—entirely inappropriate to the poetic content. It is no secret by now that Mr. de la Mare has the secret of style; and while reading these famous old tales to children as he has retold them, parents will have the added satisfaction of knowing that their children's ears are, all unanimously, being moved to an appreciation of a pure, though picturesque and living, English. Here, certainly, is a book that no shelf for "reading aloud" should be without.

THE YOUNG FOLKS' BOOK OF FISHES. By IDA MELLEN. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1927. $2.

Reviewed by JOHN T. NICHOLS
American Museum of National History

WITHOUT the fish there never could have been any higher animals, and so there never could have been any human beings; and that is, to us, the very important "why" of the fish. Fishes were the first animals to have backbones, and frogs and snakes and birds and four-footed animals, all of which have back-bones, all came directly or indirectly from the fishes in the beginning.

The smallest of fishes are less than an inch long when full grown, the largest is probably the whale shark of the Indian Ocean which is thought to reach a length of sixty to seventy feet. The eggs and young of different fishes have very unlike histories. The young of many of the big sharks are born alive, as are also those of many top-minnows, little fishes found in warm fresh waters which eat mosquito wrigglers. On the other hand many fishes like the cod lay innumerable small eggs which float unattached in the sea and take their chance of hatching and growing up, a very slim chance for any particular egg. Other fishes again build nests, sometimes nests of bubbles at the surface, sometimes nests of pebbles at the bottom, or of bits of weed and sticks,—and guard their eggs and young. Some hatch their eggs in their mouths. The little sea-horse is a true fish, though it has a head shaped like that of a "knight" in the game of chess, and can hold on with its tail like a monkey. Father sea-horse carries his eggs in a pouch, much as a mother kangaroo does her young. The waters are so wide, there are so many things true about fishes, that it is hard to say anything is impossible. There is so much to know about them, and their life is so largely in a world that is not our own, that for one person to tell even a part of the story and not make the least mistake seems almost impossible. Miss Mellen of the New York Aquarium has brought together in this book many interesting facts, just a very few of which are here mentioned. We are grieved to see that a picture of a big ray which she calls *Myliobatis*, is really of its first cousin, *Manta*, and very likely other people with other special knowledge about fishy matters will find other items to disagree with. However, the book is not only interesting reading—it gives a very excellent bird's-eye view of an immense subject. Its author's wide experience makes her advice about keeping aquarium fishes of especial value. She has learned, furthermore, what questions naturally occur to the uninitiated, and she answers them admirably.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Points of View

Fact and Fiction

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

As the *Saturday Review* has already pointed out, Fannie Hurst's "A President is Born" is cursed by a mass of undigested detail, mechanical manipulation of plot, and characters whose salient traits are over-emphasized in the sloppy fashion of the Sunday newspaper special. Readers in the corn belt—the section of which Miss Hurst writes—will add another charge: The details on farm life in northern Illinois are not only undigested; they are inaccurate.

Miss Hurst set out to show that the environment of the farm and the small town, working on stock of exceptional vigor, might produce a statesman. This purpose committed her to a portrayal of farm life of a not unusual sort. Instead she selected a small farming region, heavily capitalized, over-equipped. Not only this, but having described the unusual situation, she seemed to think it only the standard thing. To the farm reader's inquiry, "How could they make a living on farms like that?" she only says something vague about fat cattle, dairy cows, pork, butter, and eggs.

There are a host of minor inaccuracies. Bek sends "the plow share blade" back to the factory for repairs. Out here we take it to the blacksmith. She strides down to "the open cattle mart," and so out of the range of our experience and nomenclature. She lectures on "the inheritance of black-stripe in China-Poles," a breeding problem no one out here has ever heard of and a breed that does not exist. By some quirk, her corn huskers leave the shocks standing with the husked corn on the ground inside.

The most diverting error in the book is also one of the main cogs in the machinery. Miss Hurst wanted David, her hero, to herd sheep through the summers in order that he could think the deep and long thoughts of a prospective president. Poor boy, the pasture was a small one and well fenced—they all are up that way—but he had to herd the sheep anyway. Probably no one, except David, has herded sheep in northern Illinois for some fifty years.

It will amuse any farmer to go through the book and note the fantastic errors. Yet it may irritate him a little, too. It should irritate city dwellers as well. There is enough misinformation about farming circulating in urban circles already. I suggest that they try Miss Suckow, Miss Cather, Mr. Frederick, if they want a farm background built from observation and experience. Miss Hurst has evolved her farm background from a badly-kept note-book.

DONALD R. MURPHY.
Managing Editor, *Wallace's Farmer.*

Saved by Grace!

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

It seems that I have been living in a state of sin and did not know it until I read the review by Mr. Paul Shorey (University of Chicago) of Professor Gilbert Murray's "The Classical Tradition in Poetry." I was horrified! For that book had charmed the heart out of me. In it I had seemed to find wisdom, beauty, humor, scholarship, intellectual good manners, high suggestion, and deep insight. In fact, I read it twice, annotating and indexing, noting things to be remembered and thought over and over. I was having a fine time. But all the while my soul was in a parlous state. It seems that Professor Murray, having first wormed his way into my confidence by his personal charm, abused my innocence to lead me into ways far from orthodox. Forsaking "Arnold's and Jebb's conception of the serene rationality of the classics," I am in company which is dubious to say the least. My companions are Miss Jane Harrison, Mr. Francis Cornford, Mr. J. A. K. Thompson, and Sir James Frazier,—not to mention such creatures as Susan Glaspell (though how she got in is a puzzle to me, as I suspect it is to her too) and Mr. Stark Young, who is probably as much surprised as the rest of us. "Warned in time!" is all I can say. I had been following along this primrose path with a beautiful trust, in such company as Mr. Alfred Zimmern's and Mr. R. W. Livingstone's. There, too, have I fallen among thieves? For it seems that Professor Murray's scholarship is quite off color. Mr. Shorey does not leave it a leg to stand on. If I must be quite honest with myself, I had already suspected that all was not quite right, for I knew that it is a fashion among the youth of Oxford University (as among the youth of every other university) to scoff at Professor Murray (whilst scoffing at everybody else) as a "piker," and one of them has said to me:

"You know, I don't stand for the way Murray translates Greek tragedy."

My impulse was to reply that nobody was hindering him from translating it to suit himself, but remembering my admiration for Professor Murray's own good breeding, I contented myself with the thought merely. A simple soul, Professor Murray's translations suited me well enough, even though I had gone to the trouble of reading many of the plays in Greek. Similarly with his works of scholarship. I had never dreamed that a mortal man could perform the miracle of writing a book on the Homeric question and remain courteous and good-tempered throughout, or a book on the five stages of Greek religion without sideswiping mystical religion and Hebraic cults. Yet all this was disingenuous of me and my damnation slumbered not. My hour of awakening came and it was all the more terrible for being delayed. For years I had been wallowing in what Mr. Shorey so scathingly defines as "corybantic Hellenism," following after the Miss Jane Harrisons and Susan Glaspells, the Francis Cornfords, and Gilbert Murrays of life. Only last autumn, all in the mild warm sunshine of Indian summer, sitting on a brawny granite shore cliff down at Seabury, I was conducting a private corybantic revel over the pages of this very book; lingering, delighting, marking, glancing up now and then at the *Molpe* of white gulls and sunlit sea. And now it seems that *Molpe* out-Freuds the Freudians, it being, in fact, doubtful whether there is any such bunk; and people who believe in it had better look out. Innocent as my joy may appear to have been, I was in a state of mortal sin. Mr. Shorey has saved me, and none too soon. I owe everything to him. Yet, wretch that I am, I am not grateful. Saved by grace, I am ungracious. Since reading Mr. Shorey, it is true, I feel myself a stronger and a better man. But I am not so happy.

Desolately yours,
LUCIEN PRICE.

Victoria Woodhull

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

We are acting for the executor of the will of the late Mrs. Victoria Woodhull Martin (formerly Mrs. Victoria Woodhull) who died on the 9th June, 1927.

Our attention has been drawn to the letter from Mr. Samuel Scoville, Jr., which appears in *The Saturday Review of Literature* of the 7th instant. In this letter Mr. Scoville states, referring to *Woodhull and Claflin Weekly:* "This was a publication at one time suppressed by the Authorities as an obscene paper and Victoria Woodhull served a term of imprisonment for publishing the same." We beg to inform you that it is absolutely untrue to say that Mrs. Victoria Woodhull served a term of imprisonment for publishing the paper in question. Mrs. Victoria Woodhull and her sister, Miss Claflin, were arrested no fewer than eight times and when the case for the prosecution was heard, it resulted in the Judge of the United States District Court informing the accused that there was no occasion for them to introduce any evidence on their behalf, that no case had been proved against them, and he instructed the Jury to render a verdict of "Not Guilty," which they immediately did without leaving their seats. As evidence of this we beg to enclose copies of extracts from the *Republican* (Washington, D. C.) of the 9th, 1873, the *Mercury* (New York City) of the 12th January, 1873, *Evening Journal* of Jersey City of the 14th January, 1873, the *Commercial Advertiser* (New York City) of the 14th January, 1873, *Weekly Record,* Aledo (Illinois) of the 15th January, 1873, the *Sun* and the *Evening Journal,* both of New York City of the 30th June, 1873. You can no doubt verify the extracts by inspecting the files of the newspapers in question.

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(*The extracts from newspapers mentioned above are in the files of* THE SATURDAY REVIEW.—*The Editor.*)

Heidelberg, from the earliest times to the end of the eighteenth century, is the subject of a charming volume by Rudolf Sillib and Karl Lohmeyer (Leipzig: Klinkhardt & Biermann). The book contains a graceful running commentary, but its greatest attraction is its excellent illustrations.

R. Austin Freeman
and what a man!

R. Austin Freeman. And what a man! You can have your J. S. Fletcher with his four books, at a minimum, per year. To me he is writing himself out. You can even have Sherlock Holmes with his Case Book, by this time; "We are not once the strength that in old days—!" Yes, you may even have "Father Brown," in whom I have often taken vast delight. But give me, oh give me, and how I wish you would, the forthcoming "A Certain Dr. Thorndyke." And read Freeman's latest before that; "The Cat's Eye," and his collected short stories. Yet better still go back and read "The Singing Bone." Thorndyke is, again according to Wright "the purely scientific detective"—and just contrast him with Arthur B. Reeve's "Craig Kennedy," pseudo-scientist! Convincing detail versus flagrant concoction.

So writes WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT
in "Here's to Crime"
in The Saturday Review

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The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 21. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best rendering of "Mary had a Little Lamb" into not less than ten lines of Miltonic blank verse. (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, not later than the morning of March 12.)

Competition No. 22. Suppose the President is about to appoint the first Poet Laureate of the United States. A leading newspaper compiles a symposium in which the question "Whom would you choose and why?" is answered by at least six of the following people: Will Rogers, Harriet Monroe, Gene Tunney, H. L. Mencken, Gloria Swanson, F. P. A., Senator Borah, William Lyon Phelps, the President of the W. C. T. U., and Henry Seidel Canby. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best symposium. (Entries, which should not exceed 400 words in all, should reach the *Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of March 19.)

Competitors are advised to read carefully the rules printed below.

THE EIGHTEENTH COMPETITION

A prize of fifteen dollars was offered for the best lyric called "Going Down Hill in an Automobile."

Won by T. S. GARRETT
of Cleveland, Ohio.

THE PRIZE-WINNING POEM

ONCE, on this road, we thrilled to feel,
Leaving the crest, the earthly pull
And rush of wind. You held the wheel
With confidence; your eyes were full
Of joyous zest that seemed to shout
"Faster! Faster!" How we'd swerve
Laughing, and let the roadster out
To rush that final dangerous curve!
Now I sit nodding, half asleep,
While with a worried frown you take
The hill at stodgy speed, and keep
A cautious pressure on the brake.

T. S. GARRETT.

Olive G. Runner was the only competitor who remembered Henry Charles Beeching's *Boy's Song*, "Going down Hill on a Bicycle," which was the poem I had in mind when I set this competition. Unfortunately she did not match it adequately, save perhaps in her last stanza—

Thank heaven the longest hill
Must have an ending still.
Give me the level ground
Where wheels go gently round.

Out of nearly a hundred entries there were only nine considerable poems. T. S. Garrett took the prize by a hair's-breath from Constance Entwhistle Hoar, Evelyn Graham, K. A. Bloch, Mildred Gilmer, Matylee Fehrmann, Ignoto, and Marie Teddar. But, for the second week running, our wits did not do themselves justice. There were great possibilities in the theme, possibilities that nobody seemed to realize except Helen Harkness Flanders who spoiled her lyric sonnet by straining too hard for originality. The result was obscure.

Now we will tip our world and drink it down . . . .
Down . . . down . . . down. We toss its brim
Into the air before us. Out of town
We cast our sky behind. Then our eyes skim
A long deep draught—a scud of meadow's lap,
A distant hill-wormed road that clings the height,
A flare of river and a gulley's gap,
A rush of leafiness swished out of sight.
Till we within the car sit overstill,
Bound by an inner equilibrium
That leans the hanging world, meets side-flung airs.
We who, unwarned, were taken unawares
Now, under magic, make the turns that come
And hold within us all that dips a hill!

This has some of the required feeling and motion. But what is one to make of eyes skimming a scud of meadow's lap, and what is a hill-wormed road, and what all that dips a hill? This kind of verbal shorthand does not, of course, entirely disguise the meaning. Nevertheless it argues lazy writing. With a little touching up this poem could easily have taken the prize.

There were some surprising lines in other entries.

The shining cows go flying by
Like wild geese through an autumn sky . . . .

and

The bounding glide of a downhill ride
Gives a licentious thrill.

and, again,

I'm a timid soul with a bird's complex,
Going down hill in an automobile.

The trouble with most of the entries was that they insisted on dealing with gears and brakes instead of dwelling on the flight itself. C. F. Marks was exceedingly brief.

A hill—
A thrill!!
A spill—
All's still.

M. Glissante also reminded me of the old rhyme "Little boy, box of paints," with his

Shift? No,
Too slow.
I need
More speed.
Bump! Log?
No; dog.
Wash truck;
Damn luck!
Strange bell;
Queer smell.
Next year,
Shift gear.

Constance Entwhistle Hoar's poem deserves print.

The Youth:
Give me the steering wheel for I am grown;
Childhood lies back there somewhere; let me start;
Below me smiles the valley—the unknown;
This highway plunges toward the city's mart.
Brakes, did you say? Not on a hill like this!
The road curves safely round each rocky ledge;
The grade is perfect, brakes but jerk and hiss;
I like swift gliding and the dangerous edge.
The Man:
Well, here I am. How quickly I came down!
I almost wish I might go back again.
Some things I missed, I hurried so. The town
Is less attractive when you reach the plain.
Jove! On one curve I had an ugly fright—
Clung to the wheel and summoned all my grit;
But that is over now . . . In roseate light
The glowing valley bids me rest a bit.

RULES

(Competitors failing to comply with rules will be disqualified.) 1. Envelopes should be addressed to "The Competitions Editor, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City." The number of the competition (e.g., "Competition 1") must be written on the top left-hand corner. 2. ALL MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned. 3. *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry.

'Told without varnish or bunk."

THE LEGION OF THE DAMNED

BY BENNETT J. DOTY

W. B. SEABROOK, *N. Y. Herald Tribune:* "The book from first page to last has a pleasing honesty. One finishes it with a feeling that the Foreign Legion is 'like that,' the good of it and the bad of it told without exaggeration and with balanced candor. There is not a line of belly-aching in it."

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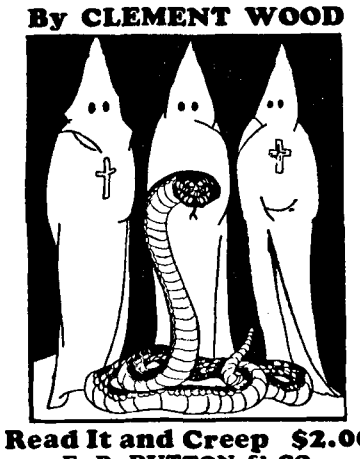

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

NEW ESSAYS BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH. By RONALD S. CRANE. University of Chicago Press. 1927.

Much is still unknown concerning the life of Goldsmith at many periods; but his activities from the time of his arrival in London after the "grand tour," until the publication of "The Citizen of the World," in 1762, are the most obscure.

Professor Crane's "New Essays" represents a singularly successful attempt to establish the canon of Goldsmith's writing during that period. He has found eighteen essays in contemporary periodicals for which he has advanced highly convincing proof of authorship; and he has added to our knowledge of the young hack-writer's journalistic activities and connections during these years.

The collection contains no essay of decided literary merit. There is no new masterpiece. The significance of the work is not less for that reason. Without this investigation the as yet unwritten, definitive biography of Goldsmith could not be composed. Professor Crane has made a thorough investigation from original sources, and has covered all available material. His work, valuable in itself, is an important step toward solving the curious enigma of Goldsmith's, at present, much misunderstood genius.

Biography

MEN ARE LIKE THAT. By LEONARD RAMSDELL HARTILL. Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1928. $3.

According to the foreword, Mr. Hartill met the hero of his narrative while engaged in agricultural reconstruction work in the Caucasus; while working, that is to say, the reader presumes, with the Near East Relief.

He became interested in his Armenian assistant; as he learned Russian, began to pick up bits of his story, and finally came to the conclusion that Ohanus Appresian ought to be made into a book.

It is that which is offered here—an actual life story, told in the first person, through an American amanuensis. There is a commendable restraint and apparent sincerity throughout the narrative, which takes its Armenian hero through various phases of the Russian Revolution, and, it must be confessed, no very piercing interest. What frequently happens in such cases, seems to have happened here. An actual experience, warm and vivid to the individual (in this case, to two individuals, the Armenian himself, and the American who made his acquaintance), put into semi-fiction form becomes neither one thing nor the other. It lacks, on the one hand, the authentic feel that might come were Appresian telling his own story in his words; and on the other, the persuasiveness of the professional novelist.

Many relief-workers are in the same case as Mr. Hartill. They have had a great adventure somewhere in the wilds of Europe. They feel that "something ought to be done with it." But when they try to put it into objective shape, they run up against the same difficulties as he encounters here. On the one hand, their stories, if honestly told, seem pale in comparison with many of the actualities of the Russian Revolution or with the facile Münchausenizing of an Ossendowski, for instance; on the other, they are read by those who can not fill in the chinks with the warmth of their own knowledge of the *milieu* described and inevitably must take the story just as it comes, as a story, and contrast it with imaginative fiction.

JUNIUS SMITH. By *E. Leroy Pond*. Hitchcock.
JULIE DE LESPINASSE. By *Marquis de Ségur*. Dutton. $5.
THE PETTY PAPERS. Edited by the *Marquis of Lansdowne*. Houghton Mifflin. 2 vols. $12.
BROTHER SCOTS. By *Donald Carswell*. Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.
EDMUND BURKE. By *Bertram Newman*. Dial. $2.50.

Drama

L'AIGLON. By EDMUND ROSTAND. Translated by Basil Davenport. Yale University Press. 1927. $3

Rostand's six act drama of Napoleon's son, familiar to our romantic fathers in the productions of Sarah Bernhardt and Maude Adams, may not seem to warrant a new and careful rendering in English at this late day, for "Cyrano" alone has retained the exceptional glamor which the turn of the century lent all his works. But if we are to have "L'Aiglon" at all, let us by all means have it in Mr. Davenport's version. He writes excellent verse, reflecting the Frenchman's turns without pedantry, and subduing wherever it is possible the *ronron* of his endless emotional scenes. He is more sure than any previous translator of his metres and of his allusions, but in the matter of fidelity to the original there are a few amusing lapses. For examples, why change

Comment le trouvez-vous, avec son petit air
De chérubin, qui lit en cachette Werther?

to

What do you think of him? A cherub, who's
Been reading Byron secretly?

or

Ah! Nous ne serons pas sacré par l'oncle
Fesch!

to the banal

We won't be crowned today in Paris!

Can it be possible that Mr. Davenport is prejudiced against Teutonic literature or the princes of the church? The Yale Press has done handsomely by Rostand, Mr. Davenport, and the Yale Dramatic Association, which produced the play in 1925. Their edition, certainly the best which has yet appeared in English, ought to maintain the premier position for some time.

Economics

THE NEW ENGLAND ECONOMIC SITUATION. Shaw.
A SHORT HISTORY OF THE BRITISH WORKING-CLASS MOVEMENT. By *G. D. H. Cole*. Vol. III. Macmillan. $2.50.
THE ROAD TO PLENTY. By *William T. Foster* and *Waddill Catchings*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.
THE INCOME AND STANDARD OF LIVING OF UNSKILLED LABORERS IN CHICAGO. *Leila Houghteling*. University of Chicago Press. $2.50.

Education

WHICH COLLEGE? By RITA S. HALLE. Macmillan. 1928.

A handbook of American colleges designed for the boy or girl about to choose a place for undergraduate instruction. It contains in addition to an alphabetical list of colleges and universities, with a paragraph of essential facts about each, chapters on how to enter college, and on opportunities for graduate instruction in further preparation for work, also a commonsense introduction on fitting the individual to the proper institution. Although necessarily meagre, the information given is broad in scope, and seems to be accurate, although it should be noted that the new plan of college entrance examinations require an average passing mark for the four, not a passing in each and all, in order to enter.

DESCRIPTIVE PASSAGES. By *Paul M. Fulcher*. Century. $1.50.
CREATIVE READINGS. Edited by *Robert E. Rogers*. Cambridge, Mass., Institute of Current Literature. 7 pamphlets.

Fiction

THE DREADFUL NIGHT. By BEN AMES WILLIAMS. Dutton. 1928. $2.

Despite the fact that its tension lessens in the last chapter Mr. Williams's tale of a beleagured household in the fastnesses of a lonely summer cottage settlement is a rattling good yarn that holds the attention from the beginning to the end and causes pleasurable thrills of excitement in the reader. He has deftly set his scene by introducing his heroine in the homely activities of closing a country house for the summer,—bundling her children and servants off ahead of her, setting her house to rights, yielding to the temptation of a last walk and row in the woodland,—doing it all with enjoyment, but yet with an unaccustomed nervousness and secret longing that the husband for whose coming she is waiting would arrive. A murder in the neighborhood increases her unrest, and so skilfully does Mr. Williams play upon this slight emotion that by the time he has Mrs. Main and the young girl who has volunteered to keep her vigil with her installed in the former's home, the reader is prepared for the happenings that are to follow. We shall not recount them, for to do so would deprive the story of the interest which adroit narration bestows upon it.

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Fiction

COLORADO. By WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE. Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $2.

Mr. Raine gives us early Colorado in full and persuasive detail. We see Denver in 1860, with its shanty-lined streets, its brutal citizenry, and its primitive justice. The picture is decidedly stimulating in its reminder that the pioneer days of Colorado are within the memory of men and women now living. We in the snug East need to have our memories thus jogged. The novel does more than that, however, for in it we get an unpretentious, satisfactory adventure story, in which we find the usual outlaws, stagecoaches, and saloons. In addition, there is the love of a lusty lad for a beautiful girl. We find nothing remarkable in the plot, to be sure, but our common sense suffers no assaults. "Colorado" is, in short, agreeable adventure set against a splendid background.

THE CURSE OF THE TARNIFFS. By COUNT EDOUARD VON KEYSERLING. Translated by Arthur J. Ashton. Macaulay. 1928. $2.50.

Modern German literature could surely send us more suave and ingratiating ambassadors than the three narratives that are included in Count Edouard Von Keyserling's volume, "The Curse of the Tarniffs." Gaunt, bare, and somewhat hollow, these stories seem to be projects for fiction rather than the full, completed work. The plots move jerkily, and the characters lack depth. Encountering this volume, the reader of contemporary novels in English will find himself unsatisfied and—we fear—uninterested.

The title story, which is the longest, is the least pleasing; it tells of aristocratic intrigue with country wenches, and it is set in an almost feudal society in modern Prussia. "My Love Affair" and "Father and Son" are the other two: the former is a diary in the manner of a weary Guy de Maupassant; the latter notes the lack of sympathy between adolescence and maturity when both are engaged in amorous manœuvers.

HIGH THURSDAY. By ROGER BURLINGAME. Scribner's. 1928. $2.

Mr. Burlingame devotes himself in "High Thursday" to character and environment rather than to a swift march of events. He gives us a group of artists, shows us their relation to life, their pleasures, their difficulties, and, finally, develops two of his characters so fully that for the moment we share their lives. These two are husband and wife, Tom and Jane Madden, the man a critic, the woman the force that keeps him constantly at his best. When calamity, in the person of a primitive blonde, threatens the working alliance between them, we find Mr. Burlingame writing excellent fiction. "High Thursday" is pleasantly diverting always, and if we are inclined occasionally to wish for events rather than conversation, we soon forget our restiveness in a delight at some surely-developed incident or at a moment of brilliant sympathy with these serio-comic slaves to Art. The novel is intelligent, disciplined, and worthy of adult reading.

SCABBY DICKSON. By *Richard Blaker*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.
MRS. CRADDOCK. By *W. Somerset Maugham*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50 net.
THE PROFESSOR'S POISON. By *Neil Gordon*. Harcourt, Brace. $2.
PARACHUTE. By *Ramon Guthrie*. Harcourt, Brace. $2.
THE LIE. By *Helen R. Martin*. Dodd, Mead. $2.
THE AXE. By *Sigrid Undset*. Knopf. $3.
PLEASANT JIM. By *Max Brand*. Dodd, Mead. $2.
THE BEST FRENCH SHORT STORIES OF 1926-27 AND THE YEARBOOK OF THE FRENCH SHORT STORY. Edited by *Richard Eaton*. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.
THE DAWSON PEDIGREE. By *Dorothy Sayers*. Dial. $2.
SHAKEN BY THE WIND. By *Ray Strachey*. Macmillan $2.50.
THE LUXURY HUSBAND. By *Maysie Greig*. Dial. $2.
TRACKS IN THE SNOW. By *Lord Charnwood*. Dial. $2.

History

SOME FAMOUS SEA FIGHTS. By FITZHUGH GREEN and HOLLOWAY FROST. Century Co. 1927. $3.50.

Eight famous naval actions from Salamis to Jutland are narrated in the volume with sufficient introductory material in each instance to give the historical setting. The authors are officers of the American Navy. Commander Green has served in Arctic expeditions and has had considerable experience in writing. His colleague has been a student of naval history, and was selected to make a critical study of the Battle of Jutland for the War College. Both are well equipped to discuss these battles from the naval officers' point of view, and the accounts are well written. Most of the material, however, has been worked over so often that there is little new to say. The chapter on "Gibraltar," however, is less hackneyed, for it presents a picture of the naval activities of the Dutch at the time of their glory; and this is a story too often skipped by English and American writers on "famous sea fights."

THE TRUE HISTORY OF THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1568. By CAPTAIN BERNAL DIAZ DEL CASTILLO, one of the Conquerors. Translated from the original Spanish by Maurice Keatinge. McBride. 2 vols. 1927. $10.

The editor of "The Argonaut Series" is to be commended for selecting the narrative of bluff old Bernal Diaz del Castillo as volumes III and IV of that series. It is unfortunate, however, that he did not make a new translation of the work instead of reprinting the Keatinge adaptation of 1800; for Keatinge's is not a real translation, although it retains in much the spirited style of the original Spanish of 1632. Even its original, "Historia Verdadera de la Conquista de la Neuva-Espana Escrita por el Captain Bernal Diaz del Castillo" (Madrid, 1632), is not in all respects the real account of that doughty warrior, but one edited from his manuscript by a friar, one Father Alonso Remon, over sixty years after its author wrote it and a century and over since the stirring deeds told in the narrative were enacted. Fortunately, the original manuscript, albeit somewhat dilapidated, was discovered by the Mexican scholar, Genaro Garcia, who published it in 1904. This is the version that should have been used by Mr. Smith had he wished to win the gratitude of scholars.

Mr. Smith has written an excellent introduction to the narrative which should not be slighted even by the reader who boasts that he never reads such preliminary matter. The reader will find therein an excellent analysis of the character of the blunt, rough, straightforward, and truthful fighting captain; and the latter's reason for writing his narrative—his fear lest the leader of the Conquest take not only his own legitimate praise but that of the men under him as well.

The story, even in its emasculated Keatinge form, is really one of the great books of American history and much more interesting than a "best seller." It is a straightforward story, told simply, and with no other art than its simplicity. It fulfils its aim, and the exaggerations of Francisco López de Gomara, who wrote to enhance the fame of Cortes, are well shown forth. Diaz del Castillo wrought better than he knew, for by his narrative, we are able to check up on the incidents of the Conquest and to correct false impressions. But we still await the translation of the real Diaz del Castillo version.

Miscellaneous

EBONY AND TOPAZ: A COLLECTANEA. Edited by CHARLES S. JOHNSON. New York: National Urban League, 17 Madison Avenue.

Mr. Johnson is the editor of *Opportunity, A Journal of Negro Life*, a magazine keeping abreast of the latest achievements by negroes in literature, art, and music. His is a consistently interesting and inspiring periodical. In "Ebony and Topaz" he has collected, chiefly from the files of *Opportunity*, certain stories, sketches, essays, translations, pictures, and poetry, mainly the work of his race. The cover and a number of the illustrations of the paper-bound volume are by Charles Cullen and Aaron Douglas, both distinguished negro draughtsmen with unusual gifts. Such poets as Countée Cullen, Langston Hughes, and Arna Bontemps are represented. Prose by Arthur Huff Fauset and Gwendolyn Bennett, with Alain Locke's brief appraisal of the negro renaissance in art, should be mentioned also. White writers on the negro such as Paul Green, Julia Peterkin, Professor Ellsworth Faris, and others contribute interestingly. A rare poem on "the Runaway Slave," by Elizabeth Barrett Browning is reproduced; two hitherto unpublished poems by Phyllis Wheatley, the first, eighteenth-century negro poet; facsimiles of original manuscripts by Paul Laurence Dunbar; and there is comment upon Robert S. Duncanson, the phenomenal colored American painter who established his reputation years before the Civil War. This is an indication of the scope and variety of the volume's contents.

Mr. Alain Locke seems to us to set forth extremely well the nature of the present phase of artistic expression through which the negro is passing, well illustrated in some of the contents of this book. Here are his words:

There was a time when the only way out of sentimental partisanship was through a stridently self-conscious realism. That attitude stripped the spiritual bloom from the work of the Negro writer; gave him a studied and self-conscious detachment. It was only yesterday that we had to preach objectivity to the race artist to cure the pathetic fallacies of bathos and didactic approach. We are just beginning perhaps to shake off the artifices of that relatively early stage; so to speak the Umbrian stiffness is still upon us and the Florentine ease and urbanity looms just ahead. It is a fiction that the black man has until recently been naive: in American life he has been painfully self-conscious for generations—and is only now beginning to recapture the naïveté he once originally had.

Poetry

HALE'S POND and Other Poems. By JAMES WHALER. New York: Harold Vinal. 1927. $2.

Out of a dozen new publications by the prolific poetry publisher, Harold Vinal, here is one with true promise and not a little achievement. Between the covers of books with the other titles, "Vibrations," "Wings and Wishes," "Sedge Fire," "Glamourie and Whimsy," "The Bells of Italy," "Where the Hours Go," "Verse Fancies," "Wandering Cries," "Tomorrow," "To All You Ladies," "Riders in the Sun," and "Brushstrokes," we were able to discover nothing of importance. Virginia Lvne Tunstall's "A White Sail Set" was somewhat better. Her traditional Muse demonstrated cultivation above the Muses of the others. "A Ballad of Craigmillar" was good as modern ballads go. Her technique in her limited field had a certain firmness and sureness. But in James Whaler's book about Maine we touched a far more exciting thing. This man has observed as a native, with keen artistic relish; he has something of Robert Frost's gift for thoroughly honest description with the smack of originality. Here, for instance, is the boy in the pond:

Was I not muskrat, water-snake, raccoon?
Was I not dragon-fly and diving loon?
Pollywog, dreaming under lily-pads?
Victor of song in frog-olympiads?
Crawfish investigating runes of stone?
Minnow of sucking glass and glassy bone?
I flamed a water-beetle's fat vermilion,
I joined the water-striders' cool cotillion;
I made my body calamus for thin
Silk fish to nibble at me, toe to chin;
And once, while I was floating like a mink,
Straight in my face a doe looked down to drink!
I saw my soul burn in her golden eyes,
Globed among ecstacies!

That is stuff of strong grain, admirably fresh and authentic. To be sure, this first poem in the book, "Runaway" owes something to the Masefield method in "The Everlasting Mercy." That method can never be as new again. There is a fight on a smaller scale that recalls in its gusto the Masefield incident. And Whaler is not without his clumsinesses, his cosmic emptinesses, his lop-sided construction. But then he strikes out, again,

Who spoke!
Only a barred owl yawning up an oak,
Scenting the milk-snake at the moon's dim breast.

No doubt but this man of Maine has genuine gifts! If he can do execrably, prove unaccountably guilty of such a line as "O fellow-wit to bash Time's weevil-tooth!" he ever and again shakes off his worst and jumbled writing and plunges you actually into the "vat of Maine sunshine, in a drift of impersonal Maine snow." He tells his tales of the logging camps with zest, of the plague of rats at one camp and a new sort of pied piper, of the liquor of Jordan, the Grave of Rose Meservey, the legendary lady of Katahdin. His is rapid narrative, full of jolts and snags, but vigorous and lively. When he rises to exordium in the intervals he is apt to be long-winded; but when he plunges into forthright fervid, natural description of the country he knows he touches achievement.

James Whaler is worth reading and watching. The fulness of his powers may possibly enrich American poetry with another regional poet of the first importance.

POEMS. By *Robert Underwood Johnson*. Published by the author, 26 East 55th Street, New York City.
STARDUST. By *William Adams Slade*. Providence: Preston & Rounds.
THE FIRST HARVEST. By *Mary Leighton*. Four Seas.
THE BEACON LIGHT. By *Murray Ketcham Kirk*. Vinal. $1.50.

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Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*.

W. P. M., Baltimore, Md., asks for any good collections of ballads besides those by Pound and Child, or any books on the development of the ballad that are not too deep; he has Pound's "Poetic Origins and the Ballad."

THE following list does not pretend to be a bibliography of the ballad, even as it appears in America. On this subject I am no scholar, nor even one of those "pseudo-scholars" whose uses and excuses in the scheme of things E. M. Forster disarmingly sets forth in the course of his "Aspects of the Novel" (Harcourt, Brace). But ever since my eighteenth year, when an unaccountable ambition to run down the songs quoted in the plays of Shakespeare sent me through "Percy's Reliques," I have kept up a comfortable interest in folk-music and balladry and have gathered rather than collected a good many books and even manuscript copies. This has not been enough to induce the polemic attitude of the true expert, but permits me to understand the delight that must have been W. R. Mackenzie's when he set out on "The Quest of the Ballad" (Princeton University Press), to trace our songs to their remaining singers in the lost corners of the country.

As the student has already F. C. Child's "English and Scottish Popular Ballads" (Houghton Mifflin), he is prepared to find survivals and variants of these in our native minstrelsy. A good book for making a start is Eckstoem and Smith's "Minstrelsy of Maine" (Houghton Mifflin), lately issued, the largest collection of its kind, made from songs of woods and coast. See in this the highly informing story of "How Dan Golden made up a new song," and see how old is the song that lives again in his modern version. Notice also that music is not given in this collection; I have come to think this less important than I used to believe; ballads are so often sung by people with no musical ear, indeed scarce able to carry a tune, that tunes get a terrible twist. "One would suppose," say these editors, "that this went to the tune of 'The Old Oaken Bucket,' but instead it went to one of his own which beggars description." If one has ever tried to note down a shanty from the weatherworn voice of an old sailor, he wonders how Carl Sandburg ever brought the hundreds of songs in "The American Song Bag" (Harcourt, Brace) into melodic shapes that will remain as standard versions. This volume is a constant joy; if I could have but one American collection I would raise the seven dollars and a half needed for it and think it a bargain. Its work-songs are especially fine; I looked through them with some misgivings lest they include "Lackawanna Spooners," a ballad I never yet saw in print, and that I fondly dream I alone of living Americans can sing. My distinction yet remains; the only man I know who knew even a few lines of it is a leading citizen of Northern New York, and even he didn't know the air. This is not, as an uninhibited modern mind might fancy, a song of dalliance, but the rallying cry of two gentlemen who "shovel coal from Harlem to Gowanus," spooners being rapid professional handlers of the shovel. Stanzas of this ballad will be swapped with readers, if any, who know it, but I cannot send through the mail the howl at the end of each verse.

Resuming the tally: "Songs and Ballads of the Maine Lumberjacks" came from the Harvard University Press in 1924; the Massachusetts Historical Society in volume 75 of its publications (1922) printed a check-list of broadsides and ballads printed in that State up to 1800, as found in twenty-five libraries: the *Journal of the American Folk-Lore Society* is full of songs of which every now and then the music also will appear. "Songs from the Hills of Vermont," collected by Sturgis and Hughes (Schirmer), have won real popularity on the concert stage. The Altoona *Times-Tribune* published in 1923 a pamphlet "North Pennsylvania Minstrelsy," from the backwoods of the "Black Forest," 1849-1923.

"English Folk-Songs from the Southern Appalachians," by Olive Campbell and Cecil Sharp (Putnam), and Loraine Wyman and Howard Brockway's "Lonesome Tunes" (Gray) from the Kentucky Mountains, have the music. "Folk Songs of the South," by J. H. Cox (Harvard University Press) has some of the airs. Shanties are international, at least one finds variants of words and tunes everywhere. Johanna Colcord's "Roll and Go" (Bobbs-Merrill) is a splendid collection; there is a good little one by C. Fox Smith called "Shanty Songs" (Methuen), and the Harvard University Press issues "Ballads and Songs of the Shanty Boy," by Franz Rickaby. This is by no means all you can get, but from one you learn about others. For example, I thus learned that "The Flying Cloud," a collection of 150 old poems and ballads of seaports and the Great Lakes, the Big Pine Woods and the prize ring, was published in paper by the Quickprint, Virginia, Minn., 1922.

"Cowboy Songs and Other Frontier Ballads," by John A. Lomax, who has made this field his special preserve, was first published by Sturgis & Walton in 1910 and has been since revised. Not long ago the most successful attempt to put into musical notation the characteristic effects of the negro spiritual was made by J. W. Johnson in "The Book of American Negro Spirituals" (Viking Press), whose deserved success soon brought "The Second Book of Negro Spirituals" (Viking). "Congaree Sketches," by E. C. L. Adams (University of North Carolina), has religious antiphonals with all the effect of songs. Anyone interested in the process of transforming necessary repetitions into melodic phrases should have kept an ear open for the little negro boys who stand at the door of large markets on 125th Street selling to customers large paper bags for their parcels. Beginning with the simple statement "Shopping Bags," they had in ten days achieved a distinct tune, the stress on the second syllable of each word, and "ba-ags" in two notes not unlike a "Scotch snap." Howard W. Odum has made a special study of "Negro Workaday Songs" in his volume published by the University of North Carolina, which also publishes his "The Negro and his Songs." "Singing Soldiers," by John J. Niles (Scribner), goes through the Great War.

"The Book of Navy Songs," edited by the Trident Society of the U. S. N. (Doubleday, Page) gives over one hundred from "Anchor's Aweigh" to "Zamboanga," historical, wardroom, fo'castle, landing-party, and naval academy songs included. "The Chelsea Song Book," lately published here by Minton, Balch, is a large volume with an unusual collection of English folksongs and music from early operettas and other sources not hackneyed. "Full and By," well-saturated songs in a volume sponsored by Cameron Rogers and Edward Wilson, have Mr. Wilson's gorgeous pictures; those in "My Pious Friends and Drunken Companions," collected by Frank Shay and illustrated by John Held, Jr. (Macaulay), are both wet and dry. We have been taking so strong an interest in our historic middle-distance that the songs of these days are bound to reappear; the success of Sigmund Spaeth's "Read 'Em and Weep" (Doubleday, Page) forced a second collection of the sentimental successes of the hoop-skirt and bustle eras, "Weep Some More, My Lady," and I see that he promises a companion volume, "Gentlemen, Be Seated" (Doubleday, Doran), which I trust I need not explain will be taken from the minstrel stage. Grenville Vernon has given us a needed collection of songs of the early American stage, "robust and uninhibited," called "Yankee Doodle Doo" (Payson & Clarke), with illustrations from contemporary prints and playbills.

From this the student may select a favored starting point, but from whichever volume he starts he is more than likely to get around to them all in time. Songs have, or rather are, strange powers; they must have something living in them to keep them going for so long, and travelling so tirelessly. Anyway, I am glad so many of them have caught up with me.

N. O. K., Fargo, N. D., asks where to get a list of books illustrated by Arthur Rackham, in whose work she is greatly interested.

A LIST of books illustrated by Arthur Rackham, compiled by F. Cov Kendall, with an introductory note by M. Birnbaum, was privately printed—in an edition of 175 copies by Bruce Rogers—in New York in 1922. I see that a copy is in Dauber & Pine's catalogue for $20, if that is any help. *A correspondent suggests* that to the recent advice on advertising books should be added "How to Become an Advertising Man," by Norman Lewis (Ronald Press); this explains the duties of the main types of this work, agency organization and operation, and many practical matters of value to the

(*Continued on next page*)

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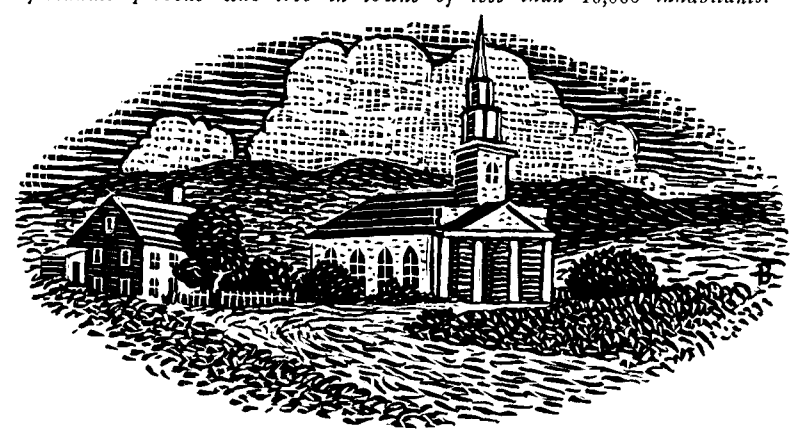

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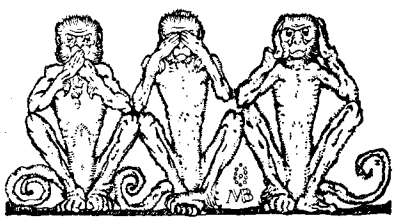

SHOP TALK

Philadelphia. Rain.

Those who are apt to refer to the shooting of a postman who was mistaken for a Confederate soldier in this City of Brotherly Love will undoubtedly say, "Ye Gods!! Does his job take him there on a rainy day? Poor fellow." And the accompanying softened music and dimmed lights may be taken for granted.

They err, however, who commiserate with the bookman journeying to Philadelphia. The objection to the rain is based on the fact that it seriously interferes with visiting many places. During this last trip we had intended dropping in on the Book Nook Library, J. P. Horn, the Locust Street Bookshop, the Parnassus Bookshop, the University of Pennsylvania shop, John Mcvey's, Peter Reilly's, Thomas Smith's, William M. Bains', the Venture Bookshop, and several others. Another trip will have to be made because, of the above-mentioned, not one was seen.

Of course there is some excuse besides the rain for not getting around. George W. Jacobs, whose bookshop is located at 1726 Chestnut Street, is chairman of the program committee for the forthcoming convention of the ABA, and his son Howard is in charge of the entertainment. So we saw them first, and stayed a long time, and then, because we wanted to put Walter Cox and Walter Easton to work on the same convention, we traveled down to Wanamaker's book department. The Column for the week is therefore entitled, "Two Philadelphia book outlets."

* * * * * *

George W. Jacobs has been a bookseller for many, many years. Once upon a time he published books in addition to selling them, but the continual contact with the public is more to his liking. He undoubtedly gave up publishing to devote his time to selling much more readily than he would have given up the retail store. Of late years Howard has been his right-hand man, and between them they keep the business humming. A children's department, religious department and circulating library are operated in conjunction with a new book and a fine binding department. The bulk of the business is done in new books, and Philadelphians have shown their appreciation of good service by making that a very sizeable total.

The Wanamaker store has what is probably one of the best departments in the country. New books and fine bindings comprise the bulk of the stock. The founder of this concern had a great love for books and this particular department was a hobby with him. The tradition is carried on under the competent supervision of Messrs. Cox and Eastman.

There are even more shops in this city than those listed above. In passing one ought to mention Leary's, an institution, dealing in old books, and in addition Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach. Is anyone who thinks that there is any volume that has been printed or is likely to be printed which cannot be procured in that city? It is easily seen that there are plenty of places in which one may procure a copy of the *Saturday Review* too.

Ellis Ames Ballard

EXECUTIVE SECRETARY

American Booksellers Association

Reader's Guide

(Continued from preceding page)

beginner. *The inquirers who have lately asked* for books published by the American Scandinavian Foundation are informed that in the future W. W. Norton & Co., 70 Fifth Avenue, New York, will act as publishers and distributors for them. *And to my surprise, that book about the Tower that was not Ainsworth's* has been identified for *E. H. C., Long Island,* by Earl Morris, Fairmount, Indiana, who thinks it must be "Her Majesty's Tower," by Dixon. "This book was written in the early part of the previous century; I have tried to purchase it and was told it was out of print by the Book Supply Co. of Chicago. However, it can be found in a two-volume edition in the Indiana State Library at Indianapolis."

J. M. D., New York, sends to the shelf of Unwritten Books Chaucer's "The Booke of the Leoun," mentioned in his gorgeous epilogue to an author's life entitled "Here taketh the maker of this Booke his leve." It is one of the "Wicked" tales which he forswore in deathbed repentance, but anyway it is lost. Also in the Prologue to his "Legende of Goode Women" he talks about certain "ympnes for thyn halidayes"—where are they now, these hymns? and "other bokes of Legendes of seintes, and omelies and moralitiee and devocioun." He suggests the titles "Chaucer, Geoffroy: "Omelies and Moralitiee, and Devocioun and Ympnes for the Halidayes." He suggests also some of the "atrocious books" of Ernest Pontifex in "The Way of All Flesh," inferring from the text that the title of one might be "Pontifex, Ernest: Irrational Rationalism and Oher Reviews and Essays." And how about Darwin's great work of which "Origin of Species" was the "abstract," the unwritten "Complete Report on Experiments and Observations Touching the Theory of Descent with Modifications and its Possible Explanation as Being Due to Natural Means of Selection." The complete Anglo-Saxon "Paraphrase of the Scriptures" of Caedmon might be included, for we have but a fragment of it, the best-known part being his story of the Creation.

H. H. K., Pittsburgh, Pa., asks if there is a cook-book in Swedish and English, for American housewives to teach Swedish cooks American cookery.

A COOKBOOK with text in Swedish and English is published for $1.50 by Albert Bonnier, headquarters for Scandinavian publications, 561 Third Avenue, New York. As I send this to press a letter comes from another reader asking for a similar book in Italian and English; does anyone know of one? And does this demand indicate that cooks are once more arriving on these shores?

C. *E. W., Pittsburgh, Pa.,* thinks that the inquirer for "seven original plots" has mixed them with the seven original jokes or comic situations. "I don't recall anything more definite than the fact that I've always heard there were seven, and I have a faint recollection of reading a treatise that traced the original seven back to the Egyptians." But in that case, what did Thotmes III. do about the Ford car? "*A Midlander*" says, "The best first novel since 'The Time of Man' has been, for me, 'Here and Back Again,' by Mary Crosbie: it is mature, wise, of real charm. I found 'Goblin Market, by Stacpoole, a small thing, but one its author has no need to blush for. . . . Oh, well, the very last chapter was an error, but they rather often are. I have not recovered from the shock of the last chapter of 'A Lost Lady,' where ART and the movement of the book so surely pointed to the Lady's being found at last on the streets of a city, lost to all virtue and wringing our hearts a little." At this point the guide utters a shriek of protest. Not art, nor life, but a bleak black-walnut literary habit, would send Mrs. Forrester to such a doom. As for the movement of the book, that rhythm depends upon the fact that the man through whose memories her life is seen has long enough outlived his chagrin to thank her for "a bright impersonal memory" and to be glad that she was "well cared for, to the very end." There would have been a different tempo, a different cadence, if Niel had not known this ending before we begin at the beginning.

With the publication of the last two volumes of his monumental "Histoire de la Gaule" (Paris: Hachette) M. Camille Jullian brings to an end a brilliant and scholarly study that passes in picturesque review the Roman civilization of France. These new volumes are a study of the Emperors at Treves presented with liveliness as well as perspective.

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WEIRD and meaningless, but quite likely to arouse the curiosity of some bored vacationist is "Kew Gardens," with text by Virginia Woolf harmonizing with decorations by Vanessa Bell, published by the Hogarth Press. Some of the critics who are struggling to interpret modern *motifs* in book-making may find that this has an underlying reason for existence. Much more to the point, for those who are seriously desirous of knowing what this "modern thing" is like, are the Ariel Booklets printed by the Curwen Press for Faber and Gwyer of 24 Russell Square, London. They were advertised at Christmas time as a substitute for the commonplace cards, and should find a steady market through the Gift Shops.

* *

It is no part of the purpose of this column to comment on poetry, but if the reviewers of versification should ever want a measuring rod by which to test the current crop, and incidentally to taste a "breezy and quickening poetical virtue" which the American followers of the muses mostly fail to get into their efforts, they might seek out the publications of the Porpoise Press of Edinburgh. The second series of its Broadsheets was closed by an Epistle from George Thomson, an absentee partner of the Press, to his colleague who was likewise about to leave Scotland in search of the Golden Fleece. The recipient, Robert Watson Kerr, put it to press "as an intimately anecdotal expression of the spirit of joyous adventure which has been the chief driving power behind the Porpoise Press since its modest start three years ago. The Press will be carried on in its original manner by enthusiastic friends, and it is hoped that the many subscribers and friends of the Porpoise will continue to support what has been proclaimed by all persons of candid intelligence as a very gallant and lovable creature."

This "Press" has its printing done hither and yon in Edinburgh, which gives added point to the uniform excellence of its publications as pieces of every-day typography and press work. Incidentally, someone connected with the venture understands how to handle type ornaments with a skill worthy of the best Scotch traditions.

* *

Another Part of Sabin's "Dictionary of Books relating to America," No. Cxviii, is out. It contains titles numbered from 82980 to 83411, from John Jay Smith to Joseph of that family, the Josephs by no means completed. Under the name of Joseph Smith the prophet are described over a hundred editions of the Book of Mormon. More than 150 other titles are given under the same name, making this the corner stone for all bibliographical work hereafter in regard to Mormonism. It is based upon the collections in the New York Public Library and in the official church libraries at Salt Lake City and at Independence, Missouri. It will be news to many that the last named place is the official home of the Church Historian of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

If this Mormon material had been issued by itself, with a title that might have brought it to the attention of investigators, it would have challenged consideration as the most helpful product of historical scholarship of the current season. In the Dictionary, it will almost inevitably be missed by those students to whom it should be most useful.

A curious perversity has led those responsible for this publication to retain in 1928 certain stupid features which were excusable when the Dictionary was started half a century ago. Of the ninety-six pages of this part, there are only twenty-one which give any indication of the given name of the Smith whose works are described on that page. Imperative as the necessity may be for keeping down the cost of completing this invaluable work, a slight modernization might assist those who are trying to induce people to subscribe to the forthcoming portion.

EVERYONE who buys books wants to own at least one "old" one, which sooner or later comes to mean a "Fifteener." And there is no question which the beginner at collecting asks oftener than how much he will have to pay to get one of these Incunabula. This question was answered by the prices at the sale of Dr. Otto Vollbehr's selected duplicates. The fact that they were duplicates from his library proves that they were, in a measure at least, not exceptional rarities, and that the sale prices are fairly representative of what such books may be expected to sell for at the present time.

There were just a hundred titles in the catalogue, and although one was withdrawn, its place was taken by another, sold the same evening on another consignment. The total for the hundred was $27,750. This probably gives a fair valuation for any similar lot of ordinary fifteenth century books.

In this sale there were only nine books that could be classed as high priced, from $950 to $2000. At the other extreme, there were just twice as many that sold under $100; the average was near the limit, for the 18 lots brought $1,500. Thirty titles that sold between $100 and $150 brought $4,000.

In other words, anyone with $1,500 should be able to buy 20 representative incunabula. For $5,000 he could get 30 better ones, including one of first rate importance. The 20 cheaper ones would have mostly Venice or Basel imprints, but at the Vollbehr sale, books from Passau, Rome, Bologna, Florence, Vicenza, and Augsburg fell under the $100 limit. For an additional $50 each, Leipzig, Treviso, Esslinger, Cologne, Paris, Modena, Deventer, Tubingen, Spire, and Milan, could have been added to the geographical assortment.

It is on the whole an encouraging sign, in that it is evidence that collectors are discriminating intelligently, that the prices went up for the books of intrinsic interest. Anyone prepared to spend $5,000 for a dozen books, with a limit ranging from $300 to $600, could have gathered from this sale a medical classic printed at Venice in 1482; an architectural treatise, De Re Aedificatoria, Florence, 1485; a history of the Byzantine Church, Augsburg, 1472; a collection of edifying stories, Cologne, 1479; a dictionary of mythology, Basel, 1470; Polybius and other historians, Venice, 1498; the 1490, Rome, edition of Ptolemy's Geography, and a 1496 commentary on the same; a Greek lexicon, Milan, 1499; and the Historia Plantarum, Treviso, 1483.

* *

The appearance of the Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society for April last is a cause for rejoicing, and very sincere congratulation to the Society, for in it the Librarian, Clarence S. Brigham, finishes his preliminary Bibliography of American Newspapers printed prior to 1820. He still has ahead of him the arduous task of revising the lists which have come out, state by state, during the past dozen years, so that they can be brought together for separate publication. But the main drudgery of collecting the widely scattered data and consolidating it into a list that scholars could use, has been completed. Mr. Brigham has laid the corner stone of all future work on the history of printing in this country.

* *

John Cotton Dana added one more to the long list of things he has done for Newark, just before he resigned himself into the hands of the medical fraternity, by arranging for the latest publication of the Carteret Book Club of that city. This is "The Pageant of Newark-on-Trent, Being a Lively Account of that Ancient Town, its Beginning and its Later History; in particular those Glorious Events that Marked the Great Siege and Surrender, in the Year 1646, of its Noble Castle." written by L. H. Patterson. It is a very effective reminder of the ways in which the New

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World community has drawn its strength from roots running far back in the Mother County. The edition of 200 copies was printed at the Harvard Press, New York, and the copies not taken by the Club members and their Newark friends are for sale through the Secretary, Wilbur Macey Stone, of 15 Park Row, New York, for $15.

The making of bricks without straw ought to be assigned as a subject for special research in some one of the courses on historical writing which are now a necessary part of every up-to-date Graduate School. There are plenty of examples, but the latest is one of the best. It is a twelve page, privately printed, essay on the earliest (eighteenth century) German newspapers of Baltimore. There were either two or three of these papers printed in German, and the author, Dr. George C. Keidel, has the distinction of being the only person who is on record as having seen the single copy of one of them which has or was in existence. Dr. Keidel's essay is a model of academic bibliographical method. He records the exact date of the two times when he saw the paper in a frame screwed to a wall, as well as the precise measurements of the frame, but is discreetly silent as to when, where, or how he secured a photograph of it later. He prints a facsimile reproduction of the heading, and gives in his text all the information which can be confirmed by an examination of this facsimile. There is not a hint of what else the paper contained, beyond the statement that there was a page of advertisements. It should have been an easy task to fill twelve pages with inferences based on these advertisements alone, concerning the economic and cultural condition of the German-speaking Marylanders of 1796, but to write an essay of this length without including a single statement of human interest is a notable feat.

Lewis McKenzie Turner is a person to be envied. He lives in Baltimore; he writes poetry; he has type and a press and an attic room in which to keep them; and he is quite old enough not to care whether anybody likes his printing or not. So he distributes to libraries, for the benefit of posterity, his verses, printed by himself at his Salt House Press in strictly limited (but undoubtedly sufficient) editions. It is recorded here for the benefit of those who are trying to keep an account of all the American private presses.

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WHEN the eminent talk twaddle it is irritating. They often do nowadays. Sometimes they talk it in print. Mr. *T. S. Eliot* has lately been doing so in his remarks on *Ezra Pound* in the *Dial.* What he say of Pound's "art of verse" is to our own mind, exaggerated; but every man has a right to his opinion and Eliot plainly and precisely states his. He also says that Pound "has an exquisite sense of humor, and his epistolary style is masterly." Further on we give an example of both, which has just come in the mail. What really pleases us in the letter is Pound's well-known and never-failing generosity toward and championship of lesser writers whom he feels to be underrated. To us Mr. McAlmon is quite a minor writer, but we sincerely admire Pound's attitude in taking up the cudgels for him. However, we have been running off the track. What we started to point out was that Mr. Eliot eventually begins to talk nonsense. Thus:

As for the meaning of the Cantos, that never worries me, and I do not believe that I care. I know that Pound has a scheme and a kind of philosophy behind it; it is quite enough for me that he thinks he knows what he is doing; I am glad that the philosophy is there, but I am not interested in it.

This brings us to the second problem about Pound. I confess that I am seldom interested in what he is saying, but only in the way he says it. That does not mean that he is saying nothing; for ways of saying nothing are not interesting. *Swinburne's* form is uninteresting, because he is literally saying next to nothing, and unless you mean something with your words they will do nothing for you.

This is egregious. Such empty burble we have rarely heard from a notable poet. "And the birds make music all the day." Swinburne, says Eliot, is saying next to nothing, and therefore his form is uninteresting. Pound, says Eliot, is saying next to nothing (that is, next to nothing that interests Eliot,—which is the only conceivable interpretation his remark on Swinburne could possibly bear) and nevertheless his form is interesting. This is merely, as the urchins of our time would pithily put it "a lot of haywire". It is pernicious, because it is loose, lazy thinking solemnly expressed. It is faddism and silliness. It may be delightful to listen to little birds making music without having to worry as to whether they are saying anything or not; but to abrogate reason when one listens to a poet is to make a farce of his fame. If one is not interested in what Mr. Pound is saying one cannot possibly be interested in how he is saying it. This is all part and parcel of the great modern buncombe about art. It is worthy only of our latter-day vocabularian gold-brick purveyors. It is arrant and incredible tosh. . .

More people are at large today pretending to admire pictures, music, writing in which they actually take not the slightest pleasure! As to writing, I can buy a box full of alphabets at the corner and play anagrams of an evening if I want to enjoy mere word-juxtapositions. But if a writer can not interest you in what he is writing he is simply a dud so far as you are concerned. You may have a hunch that he is almightily clever, you may fear that those more acute extract an enjoyment from his work that marks them as superior to yourself; you may therefore talk of his Art, while admitting that it leaves you perfectly cold. But nine tenths of any such attitude is mere disingenuousness. I know it full well because I have often struck such attitudes. No more, oh never more! . . .

Mr. Eliot is a poet, not infrequently excellent; so is Mr. Pound. Mr. Eliot is excessively generous in his praise of Mr. Pound, just as the latter has been most generous to many younger writers. But it is a pity that Swinburne is not alive today to write another "Seven against Sense", and to prick this bubble of "Isolated Superiority." Swinburne also was a fervently generous appreciator,—with another great gift,—a pen that could run pure and exquisite vitriol. It would be marvelous to hear him discuss with Mr. Eliot the "art of verse." But he is dead—quite dead—that master of melody and invective, that scholar and linguist and intricate contriver of great choruses. And perhaps we are somewhat dead ourselves since that great singing stormed by full of wings, and shook us. We now fashion little brittle edifices of words that might be shattered by any such full diapason. . . .

Here is Mr. Pound's letter from Rapallo. He addresses us as "The Phœnecian" (sic):

Re/ yr. issue of Jan. 14th. bottom of col. 1.

And that was precisely what I printed it for. Those two so to speak lowbrows bumming about Les Halles. And considering that McA. does occasionally pull off just that sort of *thing, why the HELL can't some* bloody amurkn publisher git round to printing his stuff.

You people live in the country, the surrounding stupidity OUGHT to annoy you near to worse than it does me at a distance. Licherchoor either sugared or spiced.

As to the "bores as pictured", yaas, friend, they be, an' wuss. Mc has taken the flower of the galaxy.

There is probably a better book of short stories makeable from McAlmons stuff (several vols.) printed in Dijon than can be dug out of any living American writer. Why the Saml. J. Hill does our dear vaterland always have to wait ten or fifteen years before accepting such a fact?

Yrs.

E. POUND.

Probably "some bloody amurkn publisher" will "git round" eventually and the "stuff" will be printed. Stuff usually gits printed. Too durn much stuff—gosh-ding it all!—gits printed anyway. But sittin' round the stove on their cracker-barrels, with their old goatees waggin' away of a winter's evenin', ther really be a few right peart fellers readin' a bit here an' there this side th' big pond. Course, they aint ez yet might say eye-so-lated, stranger. Still they aint so consarned dumb. . . .

THE PHŒNICIAN.

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The Inner Sanctum's column of candor-carried-to-the-point-of-indiscretion will henceforth occupy this place in *The Saturday Review of Literature* every week.

Here we shall play havoc with the hallowed traditions of the House (*aetat.* 4), blurt out state secrets, lay bare our hopes and fears, tell the specific truth about our best-sellers and our worst sellers, and generally roll our hoops on the battlements.

Last week *Trader Horn* slumped a bit. It sold only 2574 copies.

It occurs to your correspondent that readers of these confessions may be weary of the unbroken parade of best-seller statistics. Perhaps they tire of learning that *The Story of Philosophy* is in its third year as a record-breaker in the trade and in its third hundred thousand; that *Trader Horn* is only in its second hundred thousand (in eight months), and earning between $2,000 and $3,000 a week in royalties; that the *Cross Word Puzzle Books* keep trudging along, two new titles a year, in the second lusty million . . . . . .

Well, we will break the monotony by announcing that last week our *second* best-seller was *Mind Your P's and Q's*—the handwriting analysis book with the transparent pages, by JEROME MEYER.

With the aid of the author, *The Inner Sanctum* has been carrying on an experiment it has long hoped to try—to wit, seeing how a good book will go, *without advertising,* for a limited period. JEROME MEYER is a scientist and a sportsman and agreed to trek along with us—and *Mind Your P's and Q's* has been romping along at almost a thousand copies a week.

There *is* a Santa Claus.

When a book sells on the sheer momentum of cash customers who crave it and talk about it without the whiplash of advertising, *The Inner Sanctum* realizes that the opus is "clicking"—and that another American rage may be just around the corner.

Soon the no-advertising experiment will be ended, and then watch the splurge!

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If just a few more readers of *The Inner Sanctum* will stampede the booksellers for *Aubrey Beardsley, The Clown, The Harlequin, The Pierrot Of His Age,* by HALDANE MACFALL, this rare and exotic story of a genius who lived as one possessed — HEYWOOD BROUN calls it the most beautiful volume of recent issue—will remain a study in black and white.

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To a best-seller-mad nation, we gratefully but prayerfully repeat SCHOPENHAUER'S own words: "*Whoever feels himself drawn to philosophy must seek out its immortal teachers in the still sanctuary of their own works.*"

—ESSANDESS

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